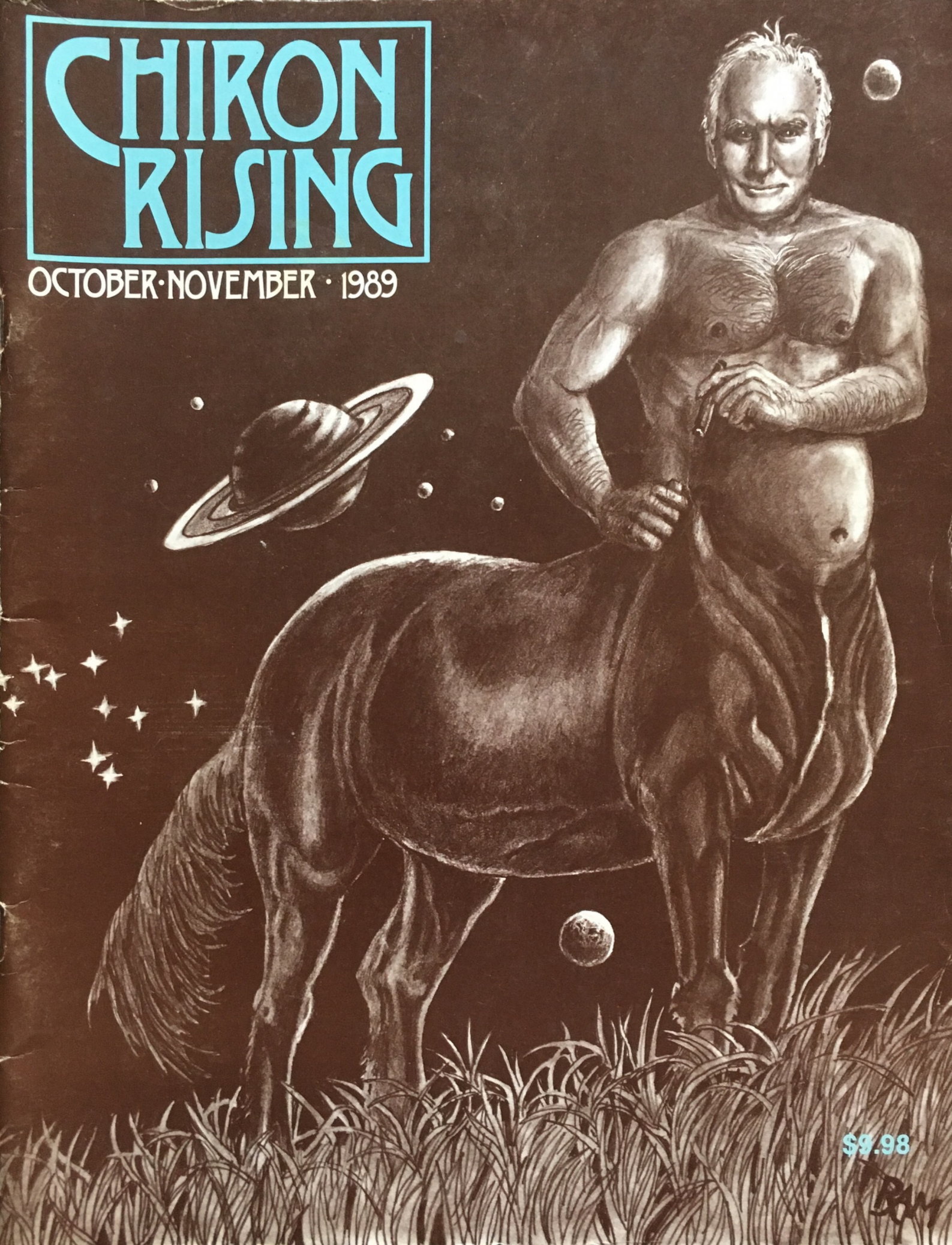
CHIRON RISING

OCTOBER·NOVEMBER · 1989



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WARNING: THIS MAGAZINE IS DESIGNED FOR ADULT READERS WHO ENJOY GAY, SEXUALLY ORIENTED ENTERTAINMENT. IF YOU ARE UNDER 21 OR OFFENDED BY SUCH MATERIALS, PLEASE READ NO FURTHER!!

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PUBLISHER/EDITOR
Patrick H. Colley

BIG BOSS
The Friar

WRITERS/ARTISTS/PHOTOGRAPHERS/MODELS
Our Subscribers

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PROFILES OF OUR CONTRIBUTORS

The following writers, artists, models and photographers are featured in this issue. You may write to any of them the same way you write to an advertiser with a codeword. Write your letter and stamp it with a 25 (US), 30 (Canada) or 45 (Overseas, per half ounce) cent stamp. In pencil, in the center, write their name, then place the envelope inside another envelope and mail to us for forwarding.

AARON is a highly talented artist and photographer who lives with his equally talented SHOW BIZ partner in the L.A. area. He is in his late forties and likes his models over 50, burly and very masculine.

ANSON is a Minneapolis cuddler who seeks a joyous, tender living and loving relationship. ANSON is 5'-8", 135# and very flexible regarding top or bottoms roles. If you're looking for a gentle, affectionate man who writes poetry and loves to stroke his partner all over, drop this catch a line.

SIMON BARR is one of the best photographers we've ever had the pleasure to work with. Although Simon is a subscriber, we really can't say much about him, other than he resides in California and is a professional photographer.

BILL is 58, 5'-8", 158# and delicious. An Oregon resident, he's good natured and outgoing. He also loves cuddling, reading, music, travel and outdoor sports, but most of all, he likes MEN.

BOB II , a masculine, mid-fifties "Dad" from Colorado, sports a thick, 7", uncut lance on a 5'-8" frame. Bob is looking for a self-sufficient, sincere, masculine younger man who wants the guidance and affection an older man can provide.

BUFORD is a very funny Philadelphia senior who lives with a younger man. This big, burly hunk is pure BUTCH and is a little on the earthy side. Don't be fooled, though ....he's smart too. BUFORD and his partner seek to meet other couples and singles who like to walk on the wild side.

BURT is a New Yorker who wishes to remain anonymous. But he promises to provide us always with images of Mr. Chiron that we all yearn for and dream of.

THE CAJUN BIKER is a 60ish New Orleans leathermaster who sports a wiry 151 pound body and a 7 3/4" cock. One of SKUA's favorite models, this hot string bean loves to accommodate visitors to the deep south.

MARSH CASSADY is an eminent author, playwright, publisher and actor who lives in San Diego. This wonderful man enriches our publication with superbly crafted poetry, erudite essays and superior fiction. His works are published widely and range from textbooks on acting, directing and play writing to novels. He has just come out with his 16th book, a novel.

DUTCH is 44, 6'-4", 195#, and loves older men, especially those who are Greek Active and/or into 69. He's flexible; nothing wrong with 3-ways. This hot looking muscular guy lives in Hollywood, California.

EX-LOGGER is back by awesome demand! This rapturous-looking ***man's*** man has been known to make jaded cocksuckers drool in their pants and was our very first undisguised model. Yes, this extraordinary man started it all and we'll never be able to repay him. EX-LOGGER lives with his younger, 50 year old lover in the deep woods of the Great Northwest, wintering in Mexico.

GERARD is a delightful, 45-year-old Frenchman residing in Paris. Having a good command of English, he welcomes pen-friends from the U.S. Gerard likes chubby, older (60-80) big men. You older/heavier guys traveling to France should get in touch with this winner!

GUY is 60, 5'-10", 150#, educated and outgoing, with a lot of creative energy. He thrives on sexual versatility and intellectual stimulation and is very active in Church-State separation affairs. He lives an active life in Ft. Lauderdale.

WAYNE HAMPTON, a distinguished sculptor, photographer and videographer, resides in Ft. Lauderdale, where he operates his own company called WAYNESART. Known for his exquisite, realistic sculptures of the male nude, he has become a leading proponent of art for the gay community. Those interested in his creations may receive his brochure by sending $3 to WAYNESART, 900 S. Andrews Ave., Ft. Lauderdale, FL 33316.

BILL HARRIS, a fiction and essay writer, has been with us for quite a while. BILL is a very funny and clever writer, capable of nailing it on the head with great accuracy. He is a senior and lives in Texas with his lover.

TOM HORNER is the 62-year-old owner of a mail order book business out of North Carolina. A published author and teacher, Tom is seeking a short, heavy, big-breasted, uncut bottom who is ready to retire and take up a long term relationship.

JERYN is a 29-year-old free-lance journalist living with a 58-year-old retired engineer in Paris. How wonderful for us that he happened upon our June 89 issue in that Paris bookstore. A super cartoonist, JERYN promises to keep us well stocked for a long time with great material.

LARRY KERNE is a very-well-put-together 72-year-old writer from near Santa Barbara. This unique man writes some of the best gay fantasy (the DREAM SPEAKER series) we've ever seen. In his earlier years, he was a Hollywood screen writer and experienced the thrill of seeing his writing come alive on the silver screen.

JACK KNAPP is a genuine Mountain Man who resides way up in Northwestern Montana. Around 60, this handsome, tall, solidly built top man is looking for a masculine, passive partner to take some of the awesome heat out of his loins.

KONDOH is one half of a couple of charming super heavyweights who live on an exotic island in the Mediterranean.

They visit this country from time to time and enjoy visitors, so drop them a line--especially you fellow heavyweights.

LEGAL EAGLE is a 55-year-old attorney who has practiced law for 30 years, the last 7 years in Southern California. He is single and now lives in Palm Springs, where he is a corporate attorney for a major corporation. For you younger guys (18-25) who write and say that you want a sincere relationship with a sharp, mature man of substance, take note.

BORDEN LEWIS is a 32-year-old graphic designer, who resides in Southern California with his 41 year old partner. "Elio," his incredibly erotic cartoon creation, is about 62, married, but always ready to get together with one of more of his buddies, who will be recurring characters.

MAK is a 30 year old Scotsman living in London. He likes drinking, smoking, opera, sports, theatre and rock music, as well as drawing and photography. He welcomes correspondence from anyone--short, tall, heavy, older or younger all okay.

FATHER JOHN J. McNEILL, distinguished author, priest and psychotherapist, resides in New York with his wonderful partner of many years. In 1976, with the Vatican's permission, the Roman Catholic priest published THE CHURCH AND THE HOMOSEXUAL (Beacon Press), which told Catholics it's okay to be gay. In 1978, the Vatican reversed their stand and began a campaign of suppression which led to McNeill's expulsion from the Jesuits in 1985. Recently he published TAKING A CHANCE ON GOD (Beacon Press), an electrifying, very personal book.

MICHAEL is a handsome, hairy, 45 year old hot property who lives in the country east of San Francisco. This guy likes men over 50 who are NOT skinny and are THICK in the crotch. The photo featured in this issue was taken in mainland China.

OTTO is a tall, 36-year-old Ohio artist who really knows his mythology. His specialty is satyrs and minotaurs, but soon you'll be seeing some hot renderings of centaurs, too. OTTO loves mature, masculine guys with a paternal attitude.

PEDER, A Danish-American residing in San Francisco, is 63, 160# and 5'-7". He's interested in garden work, sun, classical music and short/stocky/heavyset men.

QUETZAL has been with us from the very beginning and has contributed a massive amount of cartoons to the cause. His current hit series, GOLDEN GOODIES, is critically acclaimed. The description "prolific" doesn't do him justice. QUETZAL and his dynamic model/actor lover, PLOVER, have recently moved to Los Angeles from Virginia.

RAM is considered one of the best erotic artists in the world. This highly celebrated professional artist is in his late 40s and lives in the Midwest with a 69-year-old retired ex-mover and shaker in the business world. RAM is the brilliant creator of our new cover design and has been a regular contributor since 1986.

REDDY is truly a nice guy from Ft. Lauderdale. This 38-year-old is 6'-1" and 161 pounds--20 of it cock (9 1/2)!! REDDY seeks equally nice guys, 40 to 80, who are hairy, heavy or stocky. If you like a little leather and lite bondage, so much the better.

RICHIE II, a pioneer subscriber, is 33, Black, powerfully built and sharp as hell. This soft-spoken, gentle soul loves older, stocky white men and will undoubtedly make someone very happy soon. Richie is a photojournalist in the San Gabriel Valley area.

SCHAEFFER, at 6 feet, 215 pounds and 31 years of age, is probably going to elevate the blood pressure of a lot of our readers. A rugged, native Texan, he played football in college, then later went into the airline business. SCHAEFFER likes his men 40+, butch and stocky, and seeks letters with photos from those who are looking for a relationship with a kinder, gentler man.

SEAN II, a 60-year-old Silver Fox from San Francisco, is 5'-8" with a cock that is 7" long by 6.5" around--always in a state of alert. If you are 35-50 and into sensuous, slightly kinky sex play, you should check this guy out.

PUG SNIDER is one of the most clever writers we've ever met. This 74 year old, silver haired fox lives in Illinois with his hunk, slightly younger lover and does to a typewriter what RAM does to a drawing pad. PUG is an ex journalist and is currently a free-lance writer.

STUDENT was born and raised in Canada and now resides in Cypress, California. Now 55, he loves music, sports, theatre, life and people. He's an open, honest, caring, loving senior professional.

URSUS MINOR is a lusciously sexy, powerfully built lover of BIG BEARS who resides in Los Angeles. This 45-year-old, 5'-7", 230#, fun-loving pro-wrestler type likes big, heavyset men, 45 and older. And OH, how big men like him!

THE WILD HARE is a Florida senior who has a great sense of humor. A supporter since nearly day one, this great guy is a firm believer in Chubby Power. Anyone interested in forming Bunny Clubs?

JASON P. WILLIAMS is an immensely clever and funny chub lover who lives in New York with his gorgeous, hunk of a lover. JASON is the author of highly erotic, well-crafted fiction. Pure talent. He's also a stunning model and artist, going by the name JAYPEE.

XYLOPHANG is a closeted 55 year old publisher from San Francisco. This man makes you think and, on many occasions, won't tell you what you want to hear. He's done his homework, however, and brings an added, healthy dimension to our publication.

****

NOTICE

SEVERAL OF OUR REMINDER NOTICES INCLUDED THE WRONG PRICE. IF YOU RENEWED AT $35.55 INSTEAD OF $34.55, DEDUCT $1 FROM YOUR NEXT PURCHASE OR ASK FOR A REFUND. WE REGRET THIS OVERSIGHT.

PEDER....photo by SIMON BARR

CHIRON RISING FACT SHEET

WHAT MOST READERS WANT TO KNOW ABOUT CHIRON RISING (PREVIOUSLY SWAN):

WHERE IN THE HELL DID YOU GET THAT NAME? In Greek Mythology, CHIRON (pronounced Ky-Ron) was the Chief of the Centaurs and the son of Saturn and Philyra. Universally regarded as kind, wise, noble and just, he was the original Silver Centaur. CHIRON is also a recently discovered minor planet. RISING is an astrological term. When someone has, say, Scorpio rising in his chart, it means that the sign of Scorpio was rising on the eastern horizon at the time of birth. In other words, that person has a Scorpio "ascendant." Likewise, a planet can be rising at the time of birth, too. Both the Friar and I had the planet of CHIRON..... RISING at the time of our respective births. Get it? For those of you who do not like our name change, please judge our contents and not the title. We have our reasons. After all, would we laugh at your name if it were Clarence Fudd?

WHAT IS YOUR TARGET AUDIENCE? CHIRON RISING was created for all men who perceive themselves as older or mature, and those men who love them. We exclude only those under the legal age. We welcome all men of any size, race, sexual persuasion or philosophy who feel alienated from the gay mainstream. We especially welcome those who are suffering from loneliness, poor health or isolation.

WHO ARE THE MEN BEHIND CHIRON RISING? THE FRIAR and PAT are 68 and 49 respectively and have absolutely no previous experience in publishing. Neither holds a degree. THE FRIAR is a retired military officer and ex Prisoner of War. PAT abandoned a very successful career in materials management and procurement to devote full time to CHIRON RISING.

CAN I WRITE TO YOUR MODELS, ARTISTS AND WRITERS? We urge our readers to write and encourage our contributors, unless otherwise noted. Merely write your letter, seal and stamp it. In the center of it, write in pencil, the name we use for them (KENN RICHIE, RAM, REBEL II, etc.). Place that envelope inside another one and mail to us for forwarding. If you are not a subscriber, include $ 1 for every letter. None of our models are professionals. All are subscribers.

WHY DON'T YOU PUBLISH YOUR TELEPHONE NUMBER? We legally work out of our home and usually hit the sack at 9 pm every night. If we published our telephone number, the phone would be ringing off the hook at 2 am with someone who found C-R in a toilet and wants to know how to contact THE BIKER. If you are a subscriber and want to call us or come by for a visit, drop us a line with your phone number and photo. We do ask that you not share our telephone number with anyone else.

WHICH BOOK STORES SELL C-R?

Lambda Rising, Washington, D.C.
A Different Light, New York
A Different Light, Los Angeles
A Different Light, San Francisco
Beyond The Closet, Seattle
Giovanni's Room, Philadelphia

DO YOU ACCEPT DONATIONS? We are a little too old fashioned to accept anything we don't earn, but we do accept three forms of donations.

Adopt A Tree--Your $25 donation will allow you to adopt a tree here at Casa de Luna. Your tree will be identified with an engraved plastic tag and, eventually, we'll send you a photo. If you want your tree to be in loving memory of a departed friend or lover, we will be glad to inscribe anything you want on the tag. Of course, you are always welcome at CASA DE LUNA to check out your tree's progress.

Support A Needy Senior--Your $35 donation will allow a needy senior to enjoy CHIRON RISING for a year. An additional $10 will give him a personal ad for one issue.

Freddy Freeloader--If you consistently read a second hand copy of C-R and feel a little guilty, an anonymous gift of $5 would probably make you feel so much better.

HOW DO I KNOW MY SUBSCRIPTION IS UP FOR RENEWAL? We include a colorful reminder note inside your final issue. Because of our austerity campaign, we normally don't send out subsequent reminders. If you would like to know when your subscription will run out, see your mailing label. If your final issue is, say, 4/90, the code number above your name will read, "FC-4/90," or "VIP-4/90." If you have a personal ad which also expires the same date, your code number would look something like this: "FC-4/90 S-4/90." Left number, subscription, right, ad.

***

LETTERS

Dear Pat and The Friar: I have enjoyed so many friends from my last ad that I'm really enjoying life a lot more since your publication began. Thanks a million. EL PAISANO/New Mexico.

****

Gentlemen: Please remove my name from your subscriber list. I do not wish to renew. I think you have a fine publication, and as a senior, appreciate your efforts to reach my generation. However, I am turned off by the preponderance of chubby, overweight men--for them, you serve a worthwhile interest. Best Wishes. Hastily, R.J.R./Bryn Mawr, PA.

****

Dear Pat & The Friar: Thanks for the reminder, but I am not renewing my subscription at this time. I am dissatisfied, not with the product (I think it's a great idea), nor with the people who have put it together including the many contributors. By far you have a very viable and marketable product. There are a lot of us out there in our 30-40s+ who are looking for and are interested in older, mature, fit men. Note I said "fit," but when you answer an ad that interests you and the letter arrives with a photo, you hardly believe this is for real. Being a little pudgy and hunky is one thing. Fat, naked men who fill an entire snapshot frame are not sexy at all. I know, there are a lot of guys out there who think that is pure heaven, but let me assure you, they are in the minority. Who in their right mind would want to invest time in a relationship with someone who obviously does not have the insight to realize this is not only unhealthy but for the majority of us, unattractive. I salute your concept and the men who have worked hard at it, but at this point in time, thanks, but no thanks. I need not spend $34.55 to see a bunch of fat sloppy men who think they are just the all American dream. As time passes and the gentleman I met through C-R 7 months ago shows me a NEW magazine, I might

be interested. You asked, and I responded. AMS, Solana Beach, CA.

****

Dear Pat and The Friar: I was at a bar in Los Angeles the other day and overheard two older men discussing C-R. One seemed to love your magazine, but the other ranted and raved about how fat all your models were and how you "catered" to obese men. It brought to mind the various times you editorially tried to defend your policy of including ALL body types and I suddenly realized how frustrated you must feel. I've studied your August 89 issue and arrived at some interesting figures. Of 23 photo models you featured, 8 appeared stocky but not fat and 14 appeared to be thin to average build. The 23rd, URSUS MINOR appeared to be a heavyweight, but hardly revolting. I'd wager that he probably got the most fan mail. I then perused the artwork. Of the 8 pieces featured, 7 contained people of average to brawny build. The 8th was obviously obese. You need not fret over this "criticism" because it just isn't valid. These pathomorphobics are characterized by a neurotic revulsion to any large person. They will read your August 89 issue and see only the drawing of the one obese man, thereby negating the perception of the others. They will write you rambling, pointless letters and avoid renewing their subscription, then resume their unfulfilled search for gray hair in the other magazines. Invariably they show up at the book stores, taking furtive looks at C-R, hoping not to run across a photo of a--*shudder*--FAT guy. The vast majority of your readers understand and appreciate your attempt at creating a good mix of body size, color and age. Personally, I salute your inclusion of obese and homely men. Your genuine love for your fellow man comes out loud and strong. A staunch subscriber. T.J./Los Angeles

****

Gentlemen: Your new name and logo are ABSURD! And you were unwisely advised in choosing them. Also, this reminder is rather insulting. I'll get along when you're gone, so don't worry. [Letter unsigned. No return address]

****

[Editor's Note: The above was one of two letters we received regarding our latest bold (some say insulting) attempt at getting some of our ex-subscribers back. The following is a reply we sent to the second writer, a man who <u>did</u> renew his subscription.]

Dear Sir: It seems we're between a rock and a hard place. Because of lack of funds, we usually send out just one notice of subscription expiration (see sample enclosed, which is what you were sent). On those occasions when we could afford the additional postage, we sent out rather vanilla second requests, but they were mostly ignored. We've been told that most people expect a barrage of notices before they finally renew. Since there is no way we can play that game, we decided to create a data base of all our ex-subscribers for the past year and send each a carefully worded message designed to get a reaction. The results have been quite positive and our subscriber list has increased dramatically. Only you and two others sent letters of protest. Had you sensed the spirit of what we're trying to do and who we really are, perhaps you wouldn't have been so offended. Any other gay magazine would have thrown your letter away and gloated over a 99.99 success rate, but we're not that kind of publication. We hate to offend any of our readers and will go out of our way to make amends. It was definitely not our intent to offend you or any other reader. Please accept our apology. Editor.

****

Dear Pat and The Friar: Well, remember my telling you on the phone about the spot on my lung that they discovered during an x-ray? Well, I went in for a series of tests and the news is not good at all. They tell me that I have untreatable (too close to the heart) lung cancer. It was very hard at first, but I have accepted it now and we are still going to move out to California. We have traded in our car for a fancy van to travel in and, as we have discussed, we are going to try to have a ball or two if they are nice. We're selling everything we have and then sell the house furnished, and as soon as we complete that, we're off like a herd of turtles. I don't know if we'll put "California Or Bust" on the back of the van as yet. Damn, you don't realize just how little material things mean until you reach the point where they mean nothing. I will keep you fellows posted as things go along and again, thanks for all your help. Stay happy. Sincerely, WAYFARERS/ North Carolina.

[Editor's Note: Our reaction to this letter and their response to our reaction are too personal to relate here. Suffice it to say that these two men have been abandoned by most of their friends. In addition, the one without cancer is 88 years old and totally dependent upon the other, who is 56. They are determined to beat this with a holistic, positive approach and we're going to help them as much as we can. If you'd like to encourage these very brave men, write them in care of us and offer them a place to stay overnight as they make their way west. They are independent and want nothing more than friendship and a place to stop and rest. Hug them and tell them that they aren't alone; help the younger one in his quest to *will* the tumor into remission. Put yourselves in their shoes.]

****

Dear Pat and The Friar: Enclosed is my renewal check for another year of C-R. I am not placing an ad. The response to my year long ad has been beyond any expectation I ever had. I had been a member of other organizations over the last 14 years, but I can honestly say that my ad in C-R received 200 percent in one year of all those received in 14 years. I have received over 50 calls and letters. I have made new friends, dated some very nice men, made special (very special!) friends, and found a son! Thank you two for all your hard work. I look forward to my next issue. T.L./California.

NEWSFRONT

From *THE GUIDE TO THE GAY NORTHEAST*, JULY 89- Highlights from the 5th International AIDS Conference by Bill Andriette:

Certain theories about AIDS were not welcome at Montreal. The Highway Bookshop, an Ontario store whose booth at the conference did brisk sales in coffeetable photobooks about Canada, raised a stir when it displayed Alan Cantwell's *AIDS AND THE DOCTORS OF DEATH*. Cantwell is a California dermatologist and cancer researcher who argues that there is evidence that HIV was hatched by U.S. biowarriors in a government laboratory and in the late 70s introduced into the U.S. gay population through hepatitis B vaccine trials and into Africa through World Health Organization (WHO) vaccination campaigns. The global AIDS epidemic, Cantwell says, is a result of an international conspiracy of scientists and governments motivated by racism, homophobia, and Mengelean scientific hubris. His theory seems farfetched, but Cantwell does gather interesting strands of evidence in his well-footnoted book, even if he weaves them together rather questionably. Whether or not the WHO, a few booths away, was intrigued by Cantwell's thesis, they did not want others to be. A WHO

official went over to the Highway Bookshop and asked that *AIDS AND THE DOCTORS OF DEATH* be removed. The store's elderly mom-and-pop proprietors complied. They wanted to avoid controversy, the mom of the pair told THE GUIDE. A WHO employee based in Geneva, asking not to be quoted by name, said that any pressure put on the bookstore was informal. "We can't actually make them take it off," he said. He characterized the books as "right-wing bigotry," and said it contained "a number of really weird suppositions." It is questionable whether a book that attributes to U.S. and Soviet elites vicious racism and homophobia is correctly called right wing. Cantwell is certainly a conspiracy theorist, but his political sympathies seem rather ordinarily liberal. That aside, it is curious that WHO felt so threatened by Cantwell's criticisms that they thought it best to suppress his book at Montreal. One wonders why they felt it necessary to protect those attending the conference, the people in all the world presumably best informed about AIDS, from Cantwell's claims. WHO must believe either that the book is powerfully convincing or those spearheading the global fight against this illness are highly gullible.

[Editor's Note: See Alan Cantwell's article "AIDS Biowarfare," in our August-September 89 issue.]

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News item condensed from various Louisiana newspapers:

Harrison County (Louisiana) Chief Deputy Sheriff Joe Price said that the recent murder of an attorney and his wife may have been arranged by Louisiana prison inmates who thought that the couple had stolen money from them. In March, 1987, several inmates involved in a homosexual scam ring met and arranged to hire a hit man to kill Vincent Sherry, an attorney allegedly representing one of the inmates. The scam was worked through intermediaries on the outside. Inmates placed advertisements in publications that catered to homosexuals, Price said. Once they established an interest, inmates would promise favors or say they wanted to visit the homosexuals but didn't have the money to make the trip. An informant behind bars in Angola told investigators that many of the victims sent money. Some sent thousands of dollars, Price said, who added the informant claimed the scam may have had as many as 50 to 100 people on the hook at any one time. One Canadian man reportedly was conned out of more than $500,000. The informant claimed the money was sent to a post office box in Biloxi, and money allegedly missing from the scam reportedly was blamed on Sherry, Price said. He declined to say what, if anything, Sherry had to do with the money. Price says that the hit man suspect was arrested on July 21 on a capital murder charge for allegedly killing a Georgia man under circumstances similar to the Sherry murders.

[Editor's Note: In addition to Angola, scam rings are blatantly operating out of virtually every institution in the country. A massive ring operating out of Pendleton, Indiana has already victimized several of our subscribers.]

UNUSUAL BOOKS?
Try my Gay Romance,
Adventure or Magick checklists
....much more available:
CHIP'S LIST
BOX 753
NORTH HAVEN, CT 06473-0753
QUICK, PERSONAL SERVICE

I WAS JUST THINKING

by BILL HARRIS

Now that the graying of America is being accepted as a fact, perhaps it is time we more seasoned gays made our presence felt in the gay society for the benefit of all.

CHIRON RISING has kicked off the campaign by glorifying and glamorizing us in a way never done before. We now know that we are sexy and desirable; we only have to step up the marketing effort. Now that we're courting the dessert phase of life (and isn't that the best part of the meal?), we know all those fears about impotence, loss of interest in sex, etc. are unfounded. We're horny, we're hard and we're eager. And so are our peers.

PRIME TIMERS, the social organization for older gay men, has proven there's a whole society of active, groovy guys who had dropped out of gay society because they thought no one cared. Well, you bet your ass we care!

But Pat and The Friar, through CHIRON RISING and Woody Baldwin, through PRIME TIMERS, have just scratched the surface. We know there are tens of thousands more potential subscribers for this fine magazine; we know there is a need and a market for a chapter of PRIME TIMERS in every major city.

So, *I was just thinking*.....If we could just get two or three of you live wires fired up in each city, we could have a real impact sooner than you think. We're out there--we know we are. It's just a matter of 100 to 150 guys in America taking a little time to get the ball rolling faster; it's already rolling. Perhaps you've seen the bumper sticker that says, "When you're over the hill, you gain momentum." Let's get it, fellas. Time's a -wasting. There are thousands of beautiful people who need us. So why not write a letter to Pat and The Friar and another to Woody and let them know you're willing to help (Woody's address is P.O. Box 436, Manchaca, TX 78652). And in no time at all we can have a network of lively, lovely, sexy oldsters who could intermingle when we travel, could have a national conclave once a year (maybe regional meetings more often) and a communication network with CHIRON RISING and PRIME TIMERS at the core. And, who knows, we could be that part of the gay population that the younger gays look to for leadership. We don't belong on the shelf!!! With our expertise, our experience, our maturity, we should be in the limelight, in the leadership roles with undisputed claim to the position of most desirable gays in society.

CHIRON RISING is getting good press from other gay publications; they're respected and have shown that older is beautiful. And in Boston (where PRIME TIMERS began), through the network of other Boston gay organizations, the club is respected by the younger groups and their advice is being sought. As a matter of fact, PRIME TIMERS was invited to lead the Gay Pride Parade this year.

The framework is already in place; the need and the rewards have been proven--just the fun part remains to be done. You, along with a couple of others from your community just may be the ones to bring your area into the mainstream. So, write those letters today and find out who else from your area is interested in helping. The irony is that you will be the ones who will enjoy it most. Meeting and loving other gays need no longer be a dream; it is now a real possibility for us all.

Let us be known as the generation that ended the perception of older gays as "has beens," and established them as the leaders. Ready? It's easier than you think.

BURT, pastel on paper, 1983. 18×24

LOSSES
by P.H. Colley

JIMMY

I was never lucky enough to get close to him. Oh, I loved him, all right--in a brotherly way--but he always held me at arms length. While living in Chicago during the 60s, I met him either at Kitty's or The Dome--I don't remember which bar. He was witty in a very understated way and handsome as a hunk movie star.

Once, while I was awaiting a move to New York, Jimmy's roommate invited me to stay at their apartment for a couple of weeks and sleep on the living room couch. The roommate was a tall, winsome artist and old childhood friend of Jimmy's from Arkansas, but they weren't getting along at that particular time. I was there only a couple of days when they began to quarrel over whose turn it was to empty the garbage. After the garbage piled up in sacks (they didn't have sealable plastic bags in those days) for a couple of days, I attempted to secretly remove the sacks, but got caught and reprimanded for "interfering." At night, I'd pretend to sleep as each of them slipped into the kitchen at different times to spray with disinfectant. After five days of the "garbage war," I departed early for New York.

When I returned to Chicago after three years, I found that Jimmy's roommate had run off to Denver with a young man driving a white Cadillac and Jimmy was running with an exciting crowd. One sweet but hilarious man Jimmy introduced me to --Tom-- is still a wonderful friend to this day. One day, Tom asked me if I would join him, Jimmy and another friend to see one of Birgit Nilsson's final performance in the U.S. She was singing a concert version of Richard Strauss' *Salome* with the great Chicago Symphony Orchestra under George Solti. The performance was so electrifying that I will never forget it; to this day, I still get goose bumps just thinking about it. All four of us had tears streaming down our faces and, of course, that is one of the dominant images I've retained of Jimmy. With puffy eyes, we converged upon Kitty's for cocktails and were derided for becoming so emotional over "just a concert." They couldn't get it through their thick skulls that we had just witnessed the finest performance *ever* of *Salome*, by the finest Strauss soprano *ever* and the finest orchestra.....*EVER!*

Fifteen years later, after hearing that Jimmy was diagnosed with AIDS, I wrote him and reminisced over that day when Birgit made us all cry. I told him that I regretted never getting closer to him in light of all that we had in common. I apologized for not keeping in touch.

Tom was here on vacation recently and very little was said about Jimmy, other than the fact that he was now blind and terminal. But I could see the grief etched in Tom's eyes. Returning to Milwaukee, he sent us a thank-you note. On the bottom, he wrote a PS: "Just got a call that Jimmy died."

Birgit Nilsson's fan club erodes.

* * *

SKUA

Back in April of 1988, we received a subscription and a self portrait drawing from a man in Baltimore. One look and we could tell that this guy was one hell of an artist. From that day until now, we've published a SKUA original in every issue. Although we never met, we talked over the phone regularly and exchanged an enormous amount of correspondence. Many of you met the man and some of you had portraits done by him. He was doing an oil painting of The Friar and me when congestive heart failure, diabetes, cancer and a recent bout with pneumonia finally teamed up to still his heart on July 11, 1989.

SKUA confided in us that, had CHIRON RISING not given him a chance to get the creative juices going again, he would have given up. He swore that the "juice" was the reason his cancer went into remission. He surrounded himself with pets and worked incessantly on his art. He gave of himself like no one we've ever known before. Time and again, he chauffeured elderly, infirm friends to and from hospitals. He ran errands for them and fretted over their welfare. He grieved over the injustices they'd endured. His worst fear was the prospect of not being able to care for them any more.

SKUA was a friend of HUSTVEDT, a 25-year-old Baltimore artist and SWAN contributor who suddenly died of a heart attack back in February, 1988. As a matter of fact, SKUA had encouraged HUSTVEDT in his art and it was HUSTVEDT who convinced SKUA to contact us. The import of all the similarities is enough to make me stare at the wall and contemplate fate and other transcendental things.

We will remember SKUA for all the wonderful artwork he allowed us to present to the world. We will also remember him for the following poem he sent us:

It is my joy to find
At every turning of the road
The strong arm of a comrade kind
To help me onward with my load;
And since I have no gold to give
'Tis love alone must make amends,
My only prayer is while I live--
God make me worthy of my friends.
[Author Unknown]

SKUA, how worthy you were of your friends. Rest in peace knowing that none of them will ever forget you.

* * *

A NEW CHAPTER OF PRIME TIMERS IS NOW FORMING IN TEXAS!!
CONTACT: WOODY BALDWIN
P.O. BOX 436,
MANCHACA, TX 78652

HELP!

Let's make a video!

Let's make a video about the older gay male. Let's make a video presenting the older gay male who takes pride in keeping his body at it's sensual best. Let's make a video presenting the older gay male and some of the achievements he is proud to have accomplished during his lifetime. Let's make a video presenting the older gay male in "A Day In The Life Of..." If you are interested in helping to create and produce a non-porn video about older gay males, please contact Wayne Hampton at:

WAYNESART
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A DREAM-SPEAKER SPEAKS OF THE VININGS

by Larry Kerne

It was a pleasant summer afternoon when the dream-speakers next heard the Voice. They were sitting on the ground in a large circle, as was the custom that their order ordained them to do when waiting for the Voice to speak.

Then at last, as from a vine-like cluster of vegetation nearby, the Voice did speak.

"My dream-speakers," it said, "speak me a further dream of the knight Sir Bhayrid and his prince. And speak this dream, also, as a dream of vines."

"Such as the vine that conceals you, Sire?" asked one of the dream-speakers. Then he chuckled at what he was about to say further, for he knew the Voice was not without humor. "Or such as Jack-And-The-Bean-Stalk vines?"

"That would be most entertaining, I expect," said the Voice, not sounding in the least amused.

"Grape vines, Sire?" asked another.

"Any vines you want," the Voice answered. "Or make it a dream of all vines, if you wish. Easier still, let us call it a dream of the vinings."

All the dream-speakers attempted to speak at once. "Yes, Sire. Indeed, Sire. Indeed, indeed."

"Remember," the Voice cautioned, "This is a moon-world where plants sing and trees have wings."

"Yes, Sire," they said. "We do indeed remember these things."

The Voice gave the slightest of slight sighs. "I am weary this day, my dream-speakers. One of you proceed, now, with the dream of the vinings."

And this is the dream that was spoken that summer afternoon, when one dream-speaker spoke of the vinings:

That spring morning was cold on the third moon of Theos. The air was laden with a honey-scented mist that always formed in Sir Bhayrid's garden near the singing plants. At the exact instant that he knelt to feed some of their saffron-hued roots, he heard the call.

"Come to me, Sir Love!"

Sir Bhayrid got to his feet, stripping off his clothes as he did so, in spite of the near-frost chill. He did not disturb the iridescent loop of living moss at his throat.

Now he stood womb-naked, facing toward the magnetic pole of his world. His rugged 60-year-old tree-trunk of a body grew tense as he tuned his every nerve and cell toward the magnetism of his universe. Into his blue-green eyes came a bright luster of concentration, and his breathing deepened.

Suspended from his right nipple was the ruby ornament that he always wore. He touched it lightly, as one might to fine-tune some electronic instrument. In truth, such was the ruby ornament. The ruby was cunningly carved to fashion as a kind of receiver, which, in turn, was connected to an implant in Sir Bhayrid's right nipple. This wondrous implant was hardly bigger than an orchid seed and was created of miniaturized crystals within miniaturized crystals, layer upon layer, along with clusters of star-lines etched by starlight. Both the ruby ornament and the implant were worn primarily, but not entirely, for Sir Bhayrid to receive messages from his beloved prince.

But never before in their 30 years together had Sir Bhayrid heard such a call from the prince. In truth, however, it was not truly heard, rather it was felt or sensed throughout his entire being, like some love-surge beginning in the sensitive love-membrane of his nipple and flowing throughout his body like heat or like pain; if the latter, like enjoyable pain surely.

The call exploded inside him again. "Come to me, Sir Love! I am suspended powerless in an egg on the Wine Planet!"

Sir Bhayrid caught his breath. "I'll come to you, my beloved!" he shouted aloud, as if the prince could hear his words.

Then he thought: An egg? Who in hell could be holding the prince anywhere, and in an egg besides? And why the Wine Planet?

This planet was probably the most ineptly named planet in their entire solar system. Though its arable southern half, which faced always toward the sun, was in total production of wine grapes, no wine itself was actually made there. Once the grapes were harvested by the genetically created Sapros, they were instantly teleported to Theos itself by a special group of men who had the thought-skills to bend the worm-tunnels of space. One such man was Zelgard, the court wizard, who was in charge of this teleportation. Another was an acquaintance of Sir Bhayrid's who had taught him some of the rudiments of this space art.

Since the Wine Planet was royal property, it was also the place where Sir Bhayrid and the prince had spent the First-Love-Days of their permanent unity. Prior to that, at their graduation from the Thought Academy, the prince had asked Sir Bhayrid to be his lifetime partner.

Now the prince's thought burst through Sir Bhayrid's breast again: "I am powerless in a goddamned egg, Sir Love! And I've been stripped bare of my clothes and my thought-buttons besides!"

That was the blockbuster thought that brought an instant response within Sir Bhayrid. The vision of anyone else, other than himself or the prince, removing the garments that were buttoned against the prince's beloved body, or of other eyes even seeing the prince naked, sent a shudder of scalding anger through Sir Bhayrid. He tasted something bitter and unknown on his tongue.

Now it sure as hell was time to get to the Wine Planet.

First, he twined the glowing strand of living moss around his head, where its powers could enhance his thoughts. Then he dressed quickly. Since he knew he would need some way to travel, once he arrived on the Wine Planet, he teleported one of the winged trees to a clear space nearby. This was an easy maneuver. Bending the worm-tunnel of space would be much more of a challenge, certainly. He hoped he could do it.

He climbed halfway up the tree, where he hooked his feet under a couple of branches. He felt his senses becoming addled by the overpowering scent that enveloped him. He clasped his hands upon the ribs of the two wings, closed his eyes, and commanded his mind to find the proper tunnel in space that would take him and his steed instantly to the Wine Planet. It was somewhat like going through a door, so his friend had said.

Sir Bhayrid wondered how long it would take to get through the door.

Not long.

In no more than a millisecond, nay, less than that, Sir Bhayrid looked down and found that he was only a few hundred feet above the Wine Planet. He commanded the tree mentally to activate its wings, which it did, and for a few moments they hovered in one place.

Sir Bhayrid took a deep-deep breath of the refreshing, sweetly scented air about him, which was heavily fragrant with the faintly cinnamic scent of the tiny grape blossoms that bloomed here constantly by the billions. No smell of swamp tansy here. He smiled wryly. Somehow his technique for teleportation had not been able to bring the smell through the door!

Now he touched the ruby ornament beneath his jerkin and activated the implant in his breast. "I'm here, my prince," his thought went forth. "Direct me to you, my forever-love."

The prince's reply came instantly. "Do you remember the bower we made of the vines when we were here for our First -Love-Days?"

"I memorized every inch of it, my love, and I shall dwell with that memory forever. We also showed the Sapros how to build similar burrows in the ooze to protect them from the oxygen on this planet."

"True. If my calculations are correct, I am held very near our bower, but the egg is murky, purposely so, I'm sure of it, so I can see only through a glass darkly, if at all. Wherever I am, I am displayed shameless like a naked toy in an egg of energy. Perhaps your friend-moss can sense its location. Come to me quickly, Sir Love, I grow weary without motion and with shame only for my companion."

Sir Bhayrid touched the moss around his head. Touched it lightly and with affection, then moved his hand away. A tremendous exchange of energy took place between his hand and the many-flowers-colored living entity.

The prince had called it "friend-moss," which was really an excellent way to describe this element that was as much a part of his body, though disjoined, surely, as his fingers and toes. He began thinking of the myriad-hued moss by a new name.

"Friend-Moss," he murmured aloud, "fail me not in directing me to my prince."

Instantly they sped though the air almost as fast as thought--Sir Bhayrid, the winged tree, and Friend-Moss. The moss indeed had not failed him.

Presently, the winged tree slowed and swooped into an opening in the vines. Then it settled before a dwelling made of larger trunks of the grape vines, plainly the work of living beings, not just some accidental natural growth. It was the entrance to the bower!

Could the Sapros be responsible for this new structure? Could they have built it out of some dimly perceived sense of gratitude?

Such possibilities seemed unlikely. The Sapros were genetic inventions, totally functional, lumpy as unbaked dough. They had been created by the Saprophytes, an ooze-dwelling race from a far-away galaxy. Each Sapro had two differently designed hands. One hand had three prehensile fingers for grasping and plucking the grapes. The other hand had two fingers, which were serrated and used like saws for pruning the iron-hard stalks of the vines.

Because the creators of the Sapros had evolved in the oxygen-thin bogs of their world, they naturally made their functional products with similar life-support requirements. For millennia on the Wine Planet, the Sapros had been uncomfortable and gasping in the oxygen-rich atmosphere. While Sir Bhayrid and his prince were spending their First-Love -Days here, they had shown some of the Sapros how to build sunken burrows in the oxygen-poor ooze. This was formed by the melting ice from the northern half of this world, in which the grape vines flourished and throve mightily.

Now Sir Bhayrid felt a stirring against his temple as Friend-Moss signaled to him. Then he pushed open the two vast swinging doors that now made up the entrance to the bower.

And at last he saw the prince.

Obviously unconscious, the prince was indeed suspended in an egg of energy as if hanging from an invisible hook. The egg was not unlike the royal aura that normally emanated from the prince himself. Though the prince had described his prison as murky, from the outside the egg glowed with the purple lights of royal amethysts and the blues of royal indigo. He was womb-naked and, yes, shamelessly displayed for any and all to see. It was the custom in their world that none but life partners should ever see one another unclothed.

There was a constant hissing inside the bower, as if compressed air were being generated nearby. This pressure of air must be the unseen bondage that held the price immobile in the center of the egg. His naked feet were resting upon a sort of pedestal formed from twined and interlocking loops of the living grapevines, which seemed to be growing from the very floor of the bower and up through an opening in the bottom of the egg. Even at this moment, one of the tendrils was twining inside the prince's left thigh toward his genitals, which were large even for a prince, like some questing tongue of a lover. Sir Bhayrid felt he had never seen anything so obscene. He was revolted.

Over the sound of the hissing air, Sir Bhayrid heard a voice behind him. "I want to make a bargain with you, Sir Bhayrid."

The voice of Zelgard, the court wizard!

Sir Bhayrid spun around. How like Zelgard to turn the natural aura of the prince into a weapon and to create this prison -egg of energy!

"You horny, shameless bastard!" Sir Bhayrid said. "Have you no decency? Suppose someone comes here and sees him thus?"

"He is indeed a beautifully sexual man, Sir Lordling," Zelgard said, using the mild customary insult for a knight. "But certainly his beauty would not be dimmed by looks from other eyes."

Sir Bhayrid felt a frenzy flow over him, and the bitter taste, now familiar, formed in his mouth. "Where are his clothes? Where are the thought buttons? He must be covered at once or he may die of shame."

"You are floating among the clouds," Zelgard said.

"True. But I float high. And I float well." Sir Bhayrid paused. The fire of hatred in his heart lit up his eyes. "And I float deadly!"

"We shall see," Zelgard said complacently. "We shall see."

Sir Bhayrid suddenly saw Zelgard's face as a face of evil seen in a demon's nightmare. Surely he would strike Zelgard dead in that very instant. "I'll nail you to a tree by your balls, you son-of-a-bitch! And with blunt nails to boot!"

Zelgard's high laughter rang out. "I can hardly wait, lordling. I'm sure you recall that in our world's jurisprudence, to harm the royal wizard is an act punishable by death."

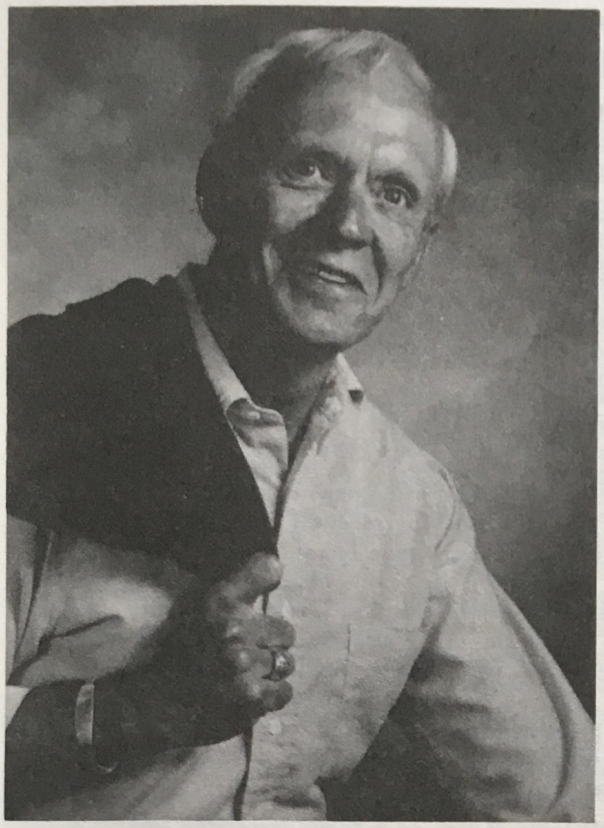
The frenzy inside Sir Bhayrid abated. He knew the law well. Zelgard was invincible.

Sir Bhayrid's voice came to his own ears as if someone else was speaking. "All right, Zelgard, what is your bargain?"

"It's a simple request, lordling, and certainly within your power to grant."

"Say it then, Zelgard."

"Permit me to spend a night, now and then, in the royal bed with your prince. Simple enough, isn't it?"



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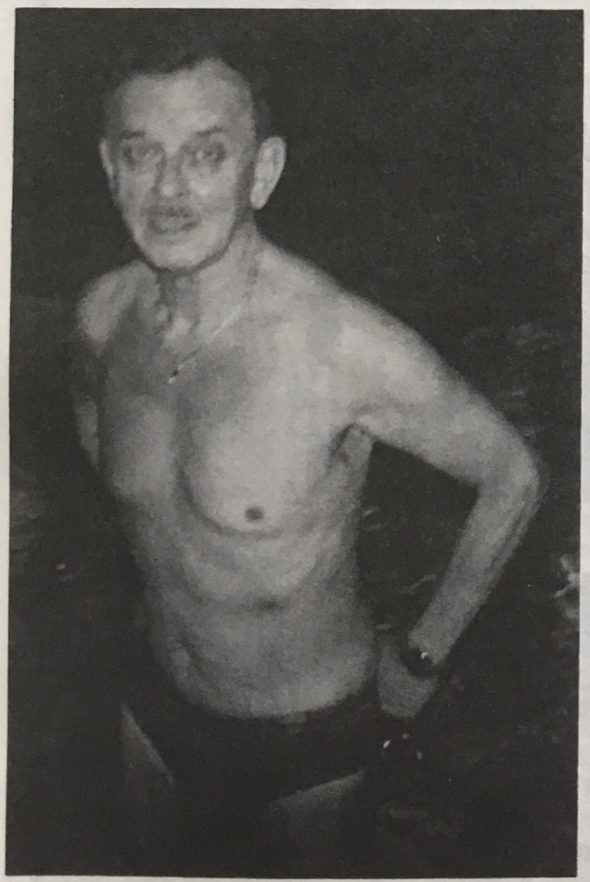

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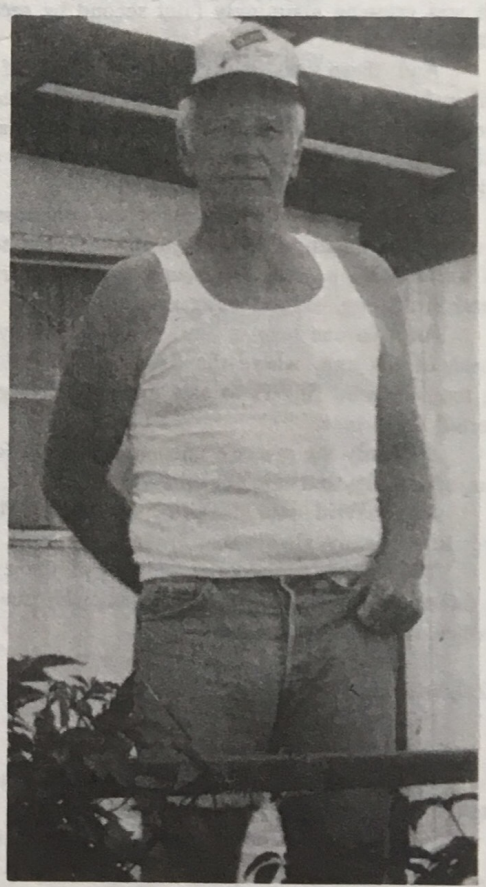

JACK KNAPP....photo by SIMBA

Sir Bhayrid regarded Zelgard with revulsion, but he managed to hold back the words he wanted to speak. He put all the thought-power at his command, which was considerable indeed, to searching his mind for some answer to this unthinkable request. But he found nothing.

He shuddered and once again tasted the bitter taste of jealousy and now anger and defeat--all three--upon his tongue. Truly there was no other way to save the prince.

Zelgard had won. Sir Bhayrid started to speak his acquiescence.

Then something he had never experienced before in his life came to his ears. Nay, not to his ears. Rather, it was into his thoughts. It was flowing over his skin like the flow of an additional dimension of life into the implant in his breast. If there could be words for this skin-flow of energy, then the words would go something like this:

"Tarry a few seconds more, my friend. I shall help you increase your hearing tenfold, for that will bring the answer for the three of us.... for you, for your prince, and for your Friend -Moss!"

The skin-energy was flowing from the voiceless Friend-Moss bound around his head!

For a brief moment, Sir Bhayrid felt that all motion and all sound in the bower had ceased and was held motionless and soundless in time.

Then, as Sir Bhayrid listened, all the sounds about him separated into individual sounds, into individual sounds within individual sounds. For one, there was Zelgard's breathing, which was, not surprisingly, heavy with his passion for the prince and overlain with the sound of glee at his victory.

And there was the sound of the prince's heartbeat, which was growing alarmingly faint second by second. Zelgard was killing him!

And there was the crackling sound of the growing tendril inside the egg. At this moment the vine had reached the prince's crotch, and Sir Bhayrid could hear the magnified sound of the molecules in the branches and the leaves as they grew, splitting and dividing, cell by cell.

And there was the hissing of the compressed air.

And beneath all these sounds were the sounds of iron -hard wood being sawed, this sound emanating from the living pedestal in the egg. Wood being sawed?

As if in one leap--a blur, really--Sir Bhayrid crossed to the base of the egg, where the Sapros, in a tight circle, were using their serrated fingers to saw away the living pedestal that supported the prince.

Suddenly the prince's unconscious body fell through the bottom of the egg and into Sir Bhayrid's arms.

Sir Bhayrid held the price fiercely. "My love... my forever love.... my always-love..."

The amethysts and the indigos of the evil egg above them reformed and descended and became the true royal aura of the prince. He opened his eyes.

"I could not see through the murkiness, Sir Love. It was Zelgard, wasn't it?"

"Yes, my prince. It was."

"Where is he now?"

"I daresay he's teleported himself back to Theos. Though he's probably the best in the business, perhaps he'll land with a squish at the dock in a fermenting vat of wine."

The prince smiled wryly and stirred in Sir Bhayrid's arms. "Are we in our bower?"

"Yes. But the Sapros have rebuilt it, enlarged it. As if they were expecting us back. They must be grateful to us."

Later, Sir Bhayrid would tell the prince of Zelgard's unthinkable "bargain." But not now. Maybe never.

The prince stood up then and looked around at their bower. "It is larger, indeed, Sir Love. And it still has the smell of love athwart the walls of it, the floor of it."

For the first time since Sir Bhayrid had entered through the two huge doors, he took note of the bower itself. Mullioned windows, cleverly formed of the growing trunks of the vines. A vaulted ceiling. Articles of furniture, including a bed covered with millions upon millions of the tiny dried blossoms of the grapes, which, though lightly scented as the cinnamon on the vine, when dried were transformed into the man-scent of an aphrodisiac.

The naked price turned toward Sir Bhayrid, who could not help showing his arousal, even beneath his long jerkin. What was it Zelgard had said? "He is indeed a beautifully sexual man." For once, Zelgard had spoken truth truly.

Then Sir Bhayrid received a thought through the sensitive membrane in his right breast that made him laugh.

"My prince," he said, "your thoughts show that you are, in addition to what Zelgard said about you, a dirty old man!"

"That I am, that I am," the prince agreed. "Come to our bed, Sir Love, and let us begin our Second-Love-Days within the dried blossoms that we liked so well."

Sir Bhayrid said, "Yes, my prince."

And thus began their Second-Love-Days, which were even better than their first.

* * *

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AND YOU THOUGHT YOU HAD IT BAD

[Editor's Note: The following letter is from a real subscriber in New England. We will call him THE BIG CANARY.]

Dear Pat and The Friar: Well, long time since we chatted. Lots of water under the proverbial bridge since then. I've been moping along, feeling sorry for myself as usual, and the 23 year old kid that promised the moon and was my lover for 3 years decided that he had enough experience now to go out into the wonderful world of the streets and cruise everything that walks, creeps or crawls..... and in effect, got rid of me. Strange new generation of kids is unusual to say the least. Anyway, it hurt. We had our own business going, along with a very special life (at least I thought so), but he's become a size queen, and while I thought that age didn't make any difference with him, I guess it did after all. Kind of wish I had back the 42 odd grand I spent on him over the years. Also kind of disgusted at myself to think I would let a kid control my emotions like he can.... but, well, nuff of that. If you remember, I had closed my restaurant in 1987, lost over a million bucks and promptly came down with cancer of the throat from smoking (supposedly cured now, but not a pleasant experience). I've spent the past two years living off credit cards and building lots of debt, trying this and that to make a buck and not doing well. Went to Baltimore last year to conduct a sales seminar and the post office failed to deliver 20,000 brochures, which were lost in third class mail. This resulted in a total loss of 5 to 6 grand. But while there, I decided to catch the movie, "Torch Song Trilogy" and did so. On the way back to the hotel.... hah... I had a heart attack (and the movie wasn't that bad!!). Moral: Never get a heart attack in Baltimore. It's the pits. So 10 days and $22,000 poorer (thank God I had insurance), went back home to recup. So have done so, and now trying to (don't laugh) start a magazine and start a national stop- smoking-thru-hypnosis clinic. Both look promising and at least I am keeping busy to keep my mind off woes. I don't know, you would think that at 58, I would try to latch onto someone closer to my age (and I do occasionally), but I seem to fall for guys under 30. I must be a chicken queen at heart. Maybe it's a father image I want to be. Maybe I hate to leave the things of youth to youth. Maybe I secretly like mental S & M. Ah well, life is full of maybe's. So I go on a day at a time, still trying to find that special someone who could lust over a 260#, 6'-3", stud canary. Sounds impossible but hope lies eternal. Anyway, I know the pressures you must be going through and it isn't worth it. Do your best but don't kill yourselves over it. You have done so much with the publication and I know it's a labor of love. But so few of the gentlemen of the sect really appreciate it. Sometimes it's hard not to wonder if it's worth it. I just wish I was nearer you so I could help somehow. By the way, I almost had another heart attack when I realized that my subscription was expiring. NO WAY. You are the only hope for all us old farts. If only all the old farts would realize what potential you really have and really support you. The cost is a little high for a magazine (of any type) but what the hell..... it isn't cheap to produce this and you will never become rich at it. Unfortunately, the only hope is vastly increased circulation. It is sad when you think how many men out there are desperately reaching out for someone (me too) and could so easily find someone within your pages, yet they don't even know that CHIRON RISING exists!! If there was only a way to send every single man in the country over 35 a comp copy of the magazine, could you imagine what circulation you could develop? So I was sad to see you had to cut out advertising. That is the only way to get them. Advertise in every single gay publication you can get your hands on, but again, this can get costly. And even tone it down and get into *Playboy, GQ*, and other men's magazines, if there was only an inexpensive way, but..... It hurts just to think of the ultimate potential that will go unfulfilled if you become obsolete.... in a world where the older male population is increasing fast. Anyway, without question, I am enclosing my check for another year, of course, with my best wishes for increased success. Now..... I keep wondering if I should put in an ad. I am certainly not a model type (some of your guys are really handsome in their prime). I don't think I could really handle an older guy--what I mean is, kind of, "I wouldn't want to go to bed with myself," if that means anything. I guess I want my opposite: slight, thin, much younger, smart, loving and loyal, etc. Don't want much, do I? Hah. I've always been kind of negative on myself... don't know why. I think I'm a great guy, but you are not long in this world before you discover that sex and the body beautiful rule the minds of just about everybody and everything. Who said, "Beauty is in the mind...?" He's a dreamer! Anyway, don't have time for me to think up a good ad right now, but will probably get one to you one of these days. In the meantime, best regards and love. THE BIG CANARY

Dear BIG CANARY: Your ad just got placed. Good luck.
Editor

Torremolinos

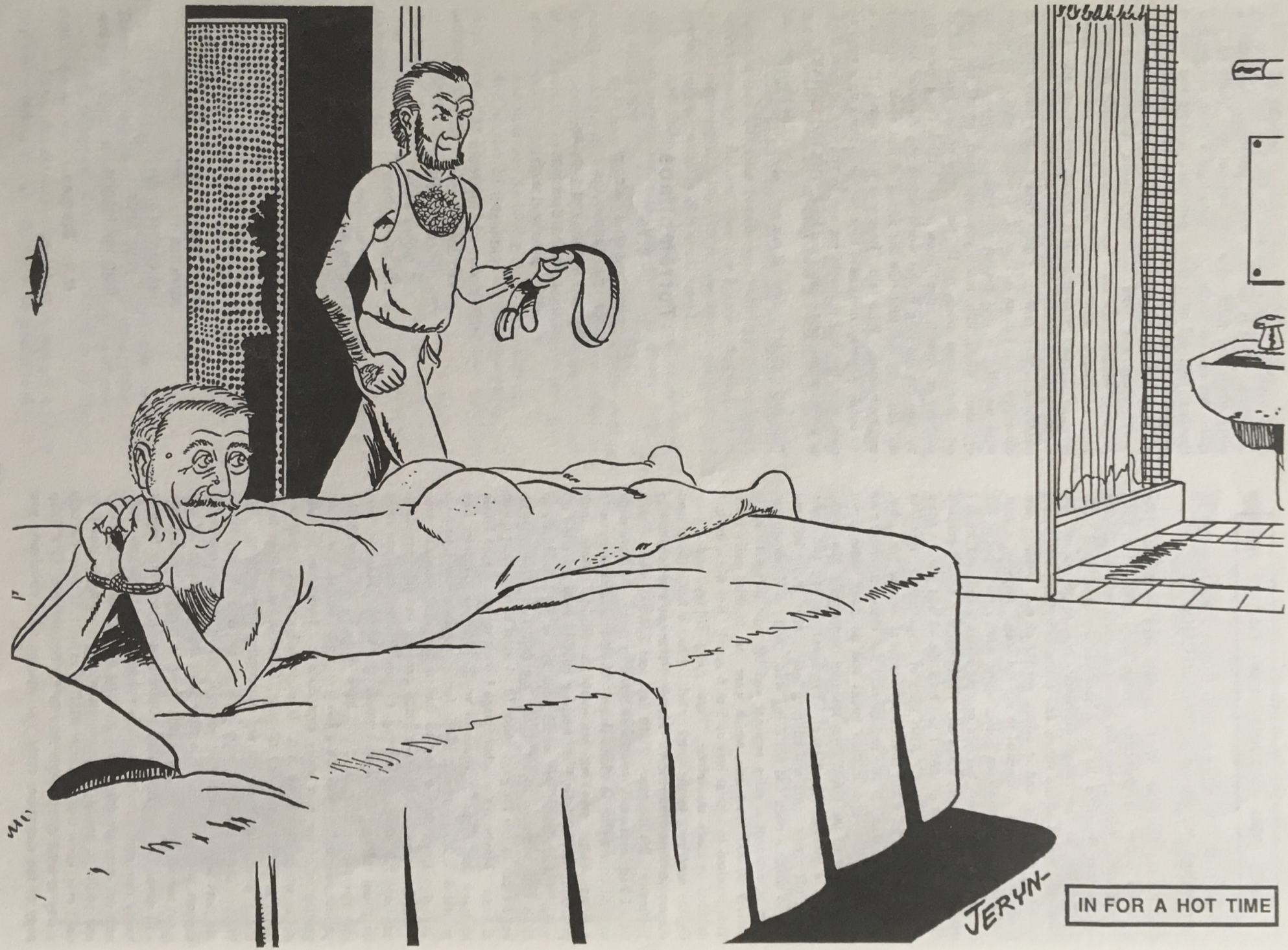
3:15
crouched on a balcony
once more above the fray
drunken sailors and succubi
populate the darkness
with groans and sighs

moonlight
has stolen into my room
poked and prodded
the rumpled sheets
and stolen away
with your ghost

and leaves on the breeze
lilacs
hashish
the sea
and the musky scent
of your skin

cheap Spanish wine
quenches my thirst
but cannot erase
your taste
from my tongue

R.K. Braman



IN FOR A HOT TIME

BOOKS

LOVE THEME WITH VARIATIONS
by Marsh Cassady
Los Hombres Press
paperback, 122 pages, $ 6.95

Having survived a recent heart attack, Marsh Cassady was instructed to slow down and take it easy. He did so by writing a novel while teaching a creative writing course at a university in Southern California. This novel is a big departure from writing textbooks on acting, play writing and directing, but Cassady handles the transition with distinction.

LOVE THEME WITH VARIATIONS is a novel about coming out in mid-life. It's about how one man struggles with the paralyzing grief of losing his beloved wife, only to find that a part of himself he's managed to suppress his entire adult life has suddenly surfaced. Pete, Cassady's narrator and central character, hits the gay senior contact club circuit like a kid at Disneyland for the first time. He's susceptible to those games of subterfuge that certain guilt-ridden, less emotionally sound gay men play. He's so naive, in fact, that I wanted to reach into the pages and shake the hell out of him. Why? Because I can see myself falling into the same abyss fifteen years ago. A fool's mirage is better than a boundless field of emptiness.

A man of many talents, Pete teaches at a small college in Pennsylvania, acts in regional theatre, and is involved in a very promising career as a writer. He's literate, compassionate, attractive and desperate for someone to love and live with.

Besides a general lack of sophistication in matters of same sex relationships, Pete is also saddled with a natural sense of responsibility for his daughters, Debbie and Jill. Debbie, the older one at 18, comes around early on with acceptance of her father's new life style. The younger Jill has a harder time of it and becomes estranged from Pete. Ultimately, Pete has to choose between staying with his daughters or leaving them in his quest for a lover.

Pete grows on you in spite of his botched suicide attempt over his wife's passing at the beginning of the novel. The character is drawn so honestly and deftly that it's awfully hard not to identify with him--in spite of some rather whimpish reactions. The novel elicits a kaleidoscope of emotions and you find yourself realizing that his strength ultimately comes from overcoming the many obstacles. You're left with the assurance that, when the right person comes along, Pete will be seasoned enough to recognize the opportunity and make it work.

The only real criticism I have with this novel is that it's much too short. At 122 pages, it seems to just get the juices flowing good before the electrical plug is pulled. Others will think that the plug has been pulled on something else: graphic sex. If you seek gratuitous sex and violence, seek elsewhere. Cassady's romantic scenes are very proper and circumspect. Oh, sure, he depicts sex, but most of it is left up to the reader's imagination. Because there is no raunch and because the message is so universal, this is really a novel for people of all sexual proclivities.

LOVE THEME WITH VARIATIONS has a quiet sensitivity, painful honesty, understated eloquence and dignity not found in the majority of gay books today. It's not just another superbly written, first gay novel. It presents characters rarely featured by gay publishers: *older men*. The publisher, LOS HOMBRES PRESS, isn't just another gay publisher either. This new publisher is dedicated to filling the void with fine literature about, by and for older men.

Ask any established book publisher why they don't do more books of interest to senior men and gerontophiles. Off the record, they all say the same thing: "Older men don't read that many books and few gay men want to read about older men."

Oh, really?

Then why the recent emergence of pioneers like CHIRON RISING, PRIME TIMERS and LOS HOMBRES PRESS?

Support LOS HOMBRES PRESS and buy Cassady's novel. Urge your friends to do likewise. Give it as a gift for Christmas. Let's send a powerful message to the gay mainstream press.

P.H. Colley

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TAKING A CHANCE ON GOD
by John J. McNeill
Beacon Press
Hardcover, 213 pages, $17.95

When I was a youngster, I was taught the idea of an angry God, a vengeful Jehovah. By the time I was three or four years old, I felt almost certain I was doomed to spend my everlasting life in hell. I tried to be good, but God was far too hard to please.

As a teenager, I repeatedly gave my life to Jesus, knew for the moment at least that I'd been saved from eternal damnation. Once at church camp, I woke up the morning after the consecration service when I'd been filled with the Holy Spirit, only to realize I was a weak, mortal kid. The "stillness of my soul" had turned to clamoring certainty that I was unworthy.

My family lacked a strong formal education; my maternal grandparents (with whom we shared our house), in particular, accepted a cut-and-dried view of good and evil. My grandma's fondest dream was that I become a preacher of the Word. I considered just that--until that fateful day I hurled an epithet at Yahweh Himself. "God damn you," I screamed, "for allowing me no base hits, for having me strike out." Realizing what I'd said, I broke out in a cold sweat, threw down my bat, ran up the dirt street to my house and upstairs to Grandma's room.

"You've committed the unforgivable sin," she blurted. "You're doomed to everlasting hell."

I was a year or two into my teens and had to live the rest of my life knowing that beyond the grave hell beckoned. I ran, screaming, pounding down the steps, wailing in anguish.

Slowly, gradually over the years, as a means of survival and sanity, as my only salvation, I weaned myself away from that "all-loving" God of my childhood, that powerful, uncaring God who sentenced young boys to eternal horror without a second thought.

I'm not an atheist; I've never been one really. Not even an agnostic, at least most of the time. I believe in a Higher Power or maybe better still a Controlling Power, but I've never again believed in the Christian God of my youth.

Therefore, I started out feeling dubious, if not downright antagonistic, when opening the cover of John J. McNeill's *TAKING A CHANGE ON GOD*. After all, hadn't I been told that God had abandoned me? Then why should I take any chances on Him?

Yet by page 20 or so McNeill--who spent many years as a member of the Society of Jesus before being told that as a

gay man he could no longer be allowed to perform his religious duties--convinced me that he knows what he's talking about. Moreover, his words make sense. His book offers answers I personally can accept. For McNeill's God is a truly loving God.

A great deal of what the author says concerns gay men and lesbians accepting a healthy system of belief, with love at its base. Love is the most important message of the book. Love for partners, love for fellow men and women, love for God, love for enemies and outcasts, including ourselves.

McNeill feels that gays and lesbians are particularly fit for a life of love. Aren't they often the ones who look after aged and ailing parents? Look how they care for those stricken with AIDS. To grow in spirituality, however, gays and lesbians need to put away destructive anger and self-hate. There is no reason for negative feelings because in none of its passages does the Bible condemn homosexuals. Rather homosexual men and women have a special place in God's existence, often because of the duality of their sexuality, the masculine and feminine sides of their beings.

McNeill states that God wants these people "to become precisely what they are: healthy, mature lesbian women and gay men."

Each section of *TAKING A CHANGE ON GOD* ends with a short prayer. My favorite occurs on page 143, at the end of a discussion on "The Relationship between Mary, the Mother of God, and the Gay and Lesbian Community." Here the author discusses the idea that gay Catholics in particular feel a closeness to the Holy Mother. He brings in also that gays often relate to the disciple John, who "always refers to himself as 'the disciple whom Jesus loved.'" with whom there seemed to be a very close relationship. You may have ambivalent feelings about the prayer, as I did at first. You might be shocked at the language. Yet maybe you'll believe, as I do, that it's absolutely right.

Holy Mary, Queen of Heaven, pray for all us queens here on earth--and all us queers, fags, dykes, fems, fairies, fruits, transvestites, transsexuals, and all sexual exiles. For in many ways we are your special children.

McNeill makes us feel special, shows us that in God's eyes we are. He spends a great deal of time showing that there is nothing wrong with our sexuality. In fact, that there is nothing wrong in any kind of sex so long as it doesn't take advantage of one of the partners. The real sin in Sodom and Gomorrah, the author says, is that of inhospitality, not sexual practices.

Certainly, many heterosexuals would throw down the book in disgust; it goes against many long-accepted values. Many would consider it heretical. For one thing he says it's okay to have sex outside the primary relationship. Sex should exist for itself, not as "work" for procreation. As such, it should be entered into in a spirit of play.

McNeill uses Scriptures to argue that gays and lesbians, like straights, are entitled to a "helpmeet," indeed often are happier in a lover/lover relationship.

As I read the book, I made voluminous notes. Between the covers themselves, I underlined, highlighted, inserted asterisks to say: "This is something really important." But if I mentioned everything I liked, this review would be nearly as long as the book itself.

The style of writing is lively, often anecdotal, never preachy or condescending. The only criticisms I have are minor. Occasionally, the writing seems a little too simplistic. Second, most of the book deals with an individual's relationship to God. But Part 7 jumps into a discussion of gays and lesbians in relation to the religious community. The author feels, unlike many others, that we should work for reform within the confines of the Church, rather than outside it. I have no quarrel with this; what I do question is the final section's organizational relevance to the rest of the book. Of course, it deals with homosexuals and religion, as does the rest of the text. Yet, it seems tagged on, depersonalized. But, as I said, this is a minor criticism.

What I like about the book is that McNeill's God is a Good God, a Loving God, a trinity whom I can accept, exemplified in the Father/Mother Yahweh, the humanly Jesus, the Comforting Holy Spirit who dwells within us. McNeill's God is a caring God, one who will speak to us personally, if we listen, if we respond. He/She is a loving God, not one who would condemn us to hell simply for one unrepented, unforgiven sin. To Father McNeill God is very real.

Even as a kid, I realized that my grandma felt bad about what she said. I could see it in her eyes. It was an unthinking response; her God was one of punishment and anger. "Grandma," I'd like to tell her. "That really isn't the Christian God. The Bible says God is love; don't you believe that? You used to have a wall plaque that said so. And if God loves me, he isn't going to send me to hell for something I did as a frustrated kid. I had so many frustrations in my life; what I blurted out was unthinking too. I was different. Everyone knew it; striking out proved it, reinforced it. Still, God loved me. And if He loves me, shouldn't I then have the chance to try to love Her?"

Marsh Cassady

****

CHIRON RISING offers a tremendous opportunity for retired, novice or professional writers, artists and photographers to get exposure. Because we are still struggling to catch on, we can't pay cash for your creations. We can get you noticed by the right people, though, and we can pay you in other ways.

We seek works that hold the more mature man in a positive light. Works may be humorous, erotic or serious, but must be in one of the following forms:

--Cartoons.

--Short stories. At the present time, we are not accepting standard, purely erotic fiction because of a substantial backlog. We are, however, accepting unusual fiction in the genres of comedy, horror, black comedy, fantasy, etc., the sexier the better. Manuscripts must be less than 10 double spaced pages. If you are a polished writer who needs no editing, we prefer camera ready in two 3-1/2" columns per page.

--Drawings, no larger than 8 X 10, unless invited.

--Poetry.

--Essays or articles on any subject of interest to the mature man and his admirers-- same as short stories, except limited to 4 pages double spaced or 3 camera ready columns.

--Photographs (color or black & white)--full portrait, undisguised preferred, with good contrast and clarity. Will consider nude, clothed, erotic or otherwise. Releases required by those owning the publication rights.

<u>Note: All subjects or characters depicted must be over 18 years of age. Works even hinting of pedophilia or bestiality will not be considered.</u>

All submittals must be accompanied by a self-addressed envelope with adequate postage for return. Payment will be made in CHIRON RISING copies, subscriptions or special issues as agreed to. Unsolicited manuscripts of short stories over 10 pages, novels, novellas, screen plays, plays or any other longer works will not be accepted without previous query.

DAVID'S DAD
by Jason P. Williams

He was leaning against the wall like he owned the place. He was tall, had broad shoulders, a heavy, deep chest and a thick solid belly. His chunky torso and huge muscular arms stretched a white t-shirt, which was emblazoned with what looked like a leaping trout and the words, "Happiness is a 12 incher." His tree-trunk thighs more than filled his jeans and his crotch-bulge brought a matching lump to my throat. His hair and moustache were dark but graying at the edges. The color of his eyes were indeterminable in the shadows of his heavy black eyebrows. The hair on his forearms looked like wire. About 50, he exuded a confident arrogance. He obviously knew that sooner or later, without moving, his horny, masculine aura would attract the men he wanted, like a moth to a flame.

I was *instant* moth! I made a bee-line to his side after about three seconds of surveying the available talent scattered about the lobby. I had to take a fierce piss but I wanted to make contact before he got away. A gorgeous hunk like this was rare in this little porn house in Queens, New York. Especially on a Sunday afternoon!

As I approached, he gave me the once-over, his eyes lingering around my child bearing hips, and I guess I passed inspection because he gave me a wide grin that lit up my heart.

I held out my hand. "Name's David."

"Hi, David." Deep, gravelly voice. We shook hands firmly, warmly. His grin decelerated into a slight smile. He held on to my hand and looked deeply into my eyes. He brought his left hand up to my neck, his thumb against my jaw, his fingers ruffling the hair on the back of my head. His smile segued into a calm, serious look. "I want your ass, David, but first I wanna fuck your face."

My knees turned to water and my cock turned to stone. "Oh yeah," I breathed. My dick hurt badly, the combination of peak erection and dangerously full bladder giving me a great deal of discomfort. "Listen, I gotta take a bad leak. Wanna come with me?" I didn't want him out of my sight!

He looked disappointed. "Naw, you go ahead. I'll catch you later."

Shit.

"Stay here. I'll be right back, okay?" Was that desperation in my voice?

"Sure." He looked at me speculatively. "Would you do me a favor?"

"Sure."

"When you come back, call me, 'Dad,' okay?" His expression was soft, almost vulnerable for a moment. He expected me to laugh, I suppose.

Oh, baby, I thought. "You got it," I said. He was mine!

I rushed into the can and quickly unbuckled my belt, almost ripping the buttons off my 501s in a hurry to get my pants down. There was no way I was going to be able to force my cock out of the fly with *this* hard-on! It took a little while before I could get the flow going. My cock was so clogged with sex-blood there wasn't a big enough opening for the urine to force its way through. I was so anxious to get back to my "Dad" in the lobby that I shook it impatiently (a lot of good *that* did). At long last my cock softened just a little and I blasted a golden shower fantasy into the toilet. It seemed to go on forever and the piss was hot and clotted with pre-cum, which, perversely, got me totally hard again.... Which, consequently, closed down the tube, thereby thinning out the steaming stream of yellow liquid, which caused the time it took to piss to lengthen interminably. God, ain't life tough?

Finally the flow trickled to a stop. Although I felt only half-done, my cock just wasn't going to allow any more fooling around with natural functions. Both me and my cock wanted--no, *needed*--to get back to the *unnatural* ones! Shit, maybe even *supernatural!*

Oh, no! He was gone!

My eyes anxiously searched the lobby. *Nada.* I went into the movie itself but it was too dark to be able to see any of the spectators. The heaving bodies on the screen didn't attract a single second of my attention. Damn! Maybe the balcony. I hurried upstairs, single-mindedly threading my way through the five or six guys standing in the doorway, meeting no eyes, not registering any details of the displayed bodies. A first for me.

The balcony was just as dark, if not darker than, the main floor, but I was hoping I could catch a glimmer of the big guy's white shirt as I walked up the steeply inclined steps. No soap. I slumped into an aisle seat in the next-to-last row and let my eyes get used to the dark. There were about 25 people scattered over the balcony, most of them actually watching the movie. There were a couple of guys necking like they were in high school and it looked like someone was getting a blow job a few rows in front of me; I could only see the top of his head because his gasping face was pointed at the ceiling. If someone were between his legs, they were not in my sight line. He could have just been jerking off.

I mourned the loss of my own personal dream boat and cursed the two glasses of iced tea I'd had with lunch. Fucked by my own bladder! I sighed pathetically, martyred by my usual cruising luck. I thought dark thoughts about AIDS, homophobia and Jerry Fallwell.

Just as my despair started to get sickening, I saw him appear at the foot of the stairs. He walked slowly up, each step revitalizing my spirits. He looked right and left, obviously searching for somebody (let it be me!), his eyes not yet used to the dark.

I watched him rise toward me, my whole psyche attuned to his approach; my heart fluttered, my breath shortened, my brain went blank. And, last, but not least, I grew a tremendous boner.

When he was three rows from mine, I stood up and said the first word that filtered through the benumbed synapses of my mind: "Dad?"

He stopped dead and gasped, peering at me in the gloom.

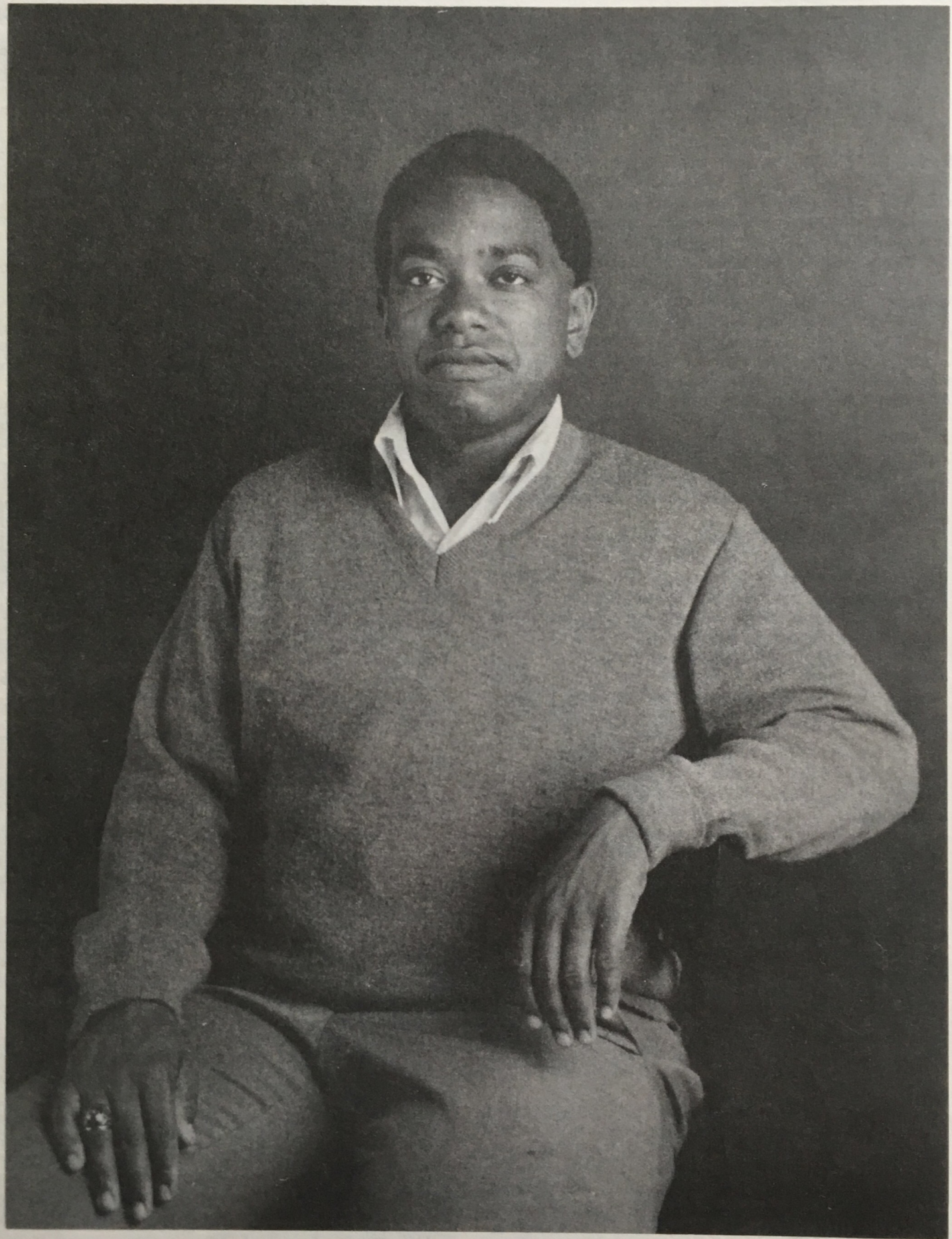
"David? Is that you?"

"Yeah, it's okay, I didn't see you down..."

Before I could finish, he said, loudly, emotionally, "David? Oh, my God, David? Jesus, son, I never thought... HO-LEE-SHIT! Oh, David, don't tell your mother you saw me.... Jesus Christ, what am I gonna do..." He finished with a moan and sank to a seat on the stairs, his head in his hands.

For a few seconds, the silence--except for the slurps from the sound track--was deafening; he had the undivided attention of everybody in the balcony. There was a buzz-murmur that ran through the congregation and the doorway denizens crowded their way into the theater.

I was just as stunned as the rest of them. My first thought was, *oh, no, a crazy!* Then the light dawned in my pea



RICHIE II....photo by SIMBA

brain. I'd always been good at improvisation anyway and this great guy was giving me a fantastic straight line! *Go for it, David*, I thought. *This could be the best day of the rest of your life!*

In my haste to get to my "Dad," I stumbled over the leg of my seat and literally fell to my knees at his side, the carpet cushioning my fall. Ah, romance!

I cradled his shoulders in my arms tenderly, at the same time making sure I crushed my hard cock against his arm. I didn't want any misunderstanding. "Dad, Dad, it's okay.... I wouldn't tell mom, honest. I love you, Dad... Don't cry, don't..."

He raised his head and looked at me, his eyes glittering, but not from tears; even in the dim light I could identify hard, naked lust. His huge arms encircled my body and his smile was catlike. "Oh, Dave" (affectionate diminutive already!). He hugged me firmly, one hand surreptitiously squeezing my ass. "This is the first time..." His voice quavered (what an actor!). "Oh, Davey, I love you too."

He pulled my head down and kissed me strongly, lustfully, his big tongue lodging itself as far into my mouth as possible. He leaned back, reclining on the stairs and dragged my body onto his own. We lay full length on the stairs, our mouths locked together, our bodies grinding into each other in blind lust. Our cocks were like steel and I wouldn't have been surprised if we weren't throwing sparks into the darkness of the seedy balcony.

My tongue displaced his and I forced my hand between our bodies, groping his crotch roughly. He moaned and squeezed me tighter, forcing an animalistic grunt from my throat. he brought his hands up to my head and forced us apart. He put his lips next to my ear and whispered, "Suck my cock. Now!" and immediately shoved me off his body. I landed on my butt on the stair and he got to his feet and said in a normal voice, "Oh, Davey, we can't do this! You're my son.... It's not right. I gotta get out of here..."

"Dad! Stop, don't go.! I reached up and grabbed his hips. "Oh, God, Dad, I've wanted to do this since I was little. Please let me, please...." I buried my face in the bulge of his crotch and rubbed and bit the huge lump that I had wanted since my first glimpse of it in the lobby.

"Oh, Dave, Nooooo... Stop, please stop. Ooooo, you've got me so hot. It feels so good... But you shouldn't... Oh, son, yeah, take it out, take it out. Oh yeah, make love to my cock, baby. Oooo, my baby..."

He hadn't even finished talking when I had his huge cock buried in my throat! I gagged a little bit, I'm ashamed to say (just a little *ulp*) but I soon adjusted to his plunging dick. Right from the start, he fucked me full throttle. Almost all the way out, only a millisecond for me to tickle the tip with my tongue, and then all the way down my gullet, he fucked my throat with his big cock. No sucking finesse allowed, or required, just a willing receptacle for his pounding flesh, his need to fuck his "son" with all his might. I loved it! I surrendered completely to his powerful thrusts and dropped my hands to my sides. He grabbed my head with both of *his* hands and forced it back and forth on his raging cock; he was now fucking to come and I could taste the pre-cum trickle on my palette. He started a low moan in his throat that got louder and louder as he got closer and closer to blowing his nuts.

"Ooooh, Davey, ooooh, Dave, your Dad's gonna come down your throat! Here comes your Dad, Davey! It's blowing.... Take it son. Oh, Davey, oh, oh, OH, OH, OH AAAAHHHHHHHHHHGHGHGHG!"

He shoved his cock to its fullest depth and blew his wad! His steely rod pulsed and jumped and throbbed so far past my uvula that I couldn't taste anything but my own spit. He came and came, moaning and gasping and grunting. Ten, eleven, twelve times he shot bolts of jism into my stomach, jerking spasmodically, creating shock waves of mini-earthquakes through both our bodies. He shouted, "UH!" with each bullet of hot love-snow he shot into my gullet. At the last moment he gave me a little reward. He pulled my head off his cock until just the tip was inserted and shot his last wad onto my tongue. And then he even stole that one back. He dropped to his knees and hugged me close, his lips greedily meeting mine. Before I could swallow, he swiped his last drop of cum, sucking it out of my mouth. My mind was absolutely blown!

It snapped back to attention when I became conscious of a smattering of applause that was slowly growing into a standing ovation around us. "Dad" and I looked around and discovered we were the center of a huge circle of men, all of them with their cocks exposed. Those that weren't beating on them were applauding and soon even those gave up their own pleasures and joined in the general din. I've never seen so many hard cocks at one time in my life! And they were standing alone so their owners could give us our due. There were even a few whistles amidst the furor.

I felt like taking a bow but this was too good and I definitely wanted to get this show on the road. I looked "Dad" in the eye and inclined my head toward the door. He got to his feet, pulling me with him.

As the applause died, I said, "Let's go home, Dad."

"Yeah, Davey, let's haul ass." He shoved his huge, floppy dick into his pants and zipped up. "We don't have to pick your mother up at the airport until six and I wanna get into that ass of yours before she gets home, okay? And we definitely have to take care of this." He squeezed the front of my pants.

As we walked down the stairs he put his arm around my shoulders and I slipped mine around his waist. We exited to another round of applause.

That was two weeks ago and "Dad" and I have been fucking our brains out ever since. Someday we may have to go to the airport to pick up Mother. Her flight, however, seems to be delayed indefinitely.

* * *

A GREAT MASSAGE
BY A 65 YEAR OLD
CHIRON RISING MODEL
Near Mr. Mike's in Los Angeles
Gene -- (213) 660-4812

WARNING

MANY CHIRON RISING READERS INDISCRIMINATELY PASS ON THEIR COPIES. CONSEQUENTLY, C-R CAN END UP IN THE HANDS OF SCAM ARTISTS, WHO CALLOUSLY VICTIMIZE OUR MORE LONELY, GULLIBLE ADVERTISERS. MOST SCAM ARTISTS OPERATE FROM BEHIND BARS, BUT A FEW DON'T. WE THEREFORE URGE OUR ADVERTISERS TO BEWARE OF ANY CORRESPONDENT WHO BRINGS UP THE SUBJECT OF MONEY OR GIVES YOU A TALE OF WOE. IF YOU MUST BE A BENEVOLENT PROVIDER, KNOW TO WHOM YOU GIVE MONEY.

****

TIPS ON PLAYING THE PERSONALS
by P.H. COLLEY

I met THE FRIAR indirectly through an ad in HOLIDAY BULLETIN, so I don't take personal ads lightly. With a little common sense, you can completely change your life for the better through playing the personals. Playing them foolishly can leave you spinning your wheels, or worse, involve you with someone who slowly becomes a monster. We present herewith some of the wisdom of our four years experience in watching certain ads blaze a trail, while others languish on the vine.

ANSWERING ADS

--Read ads carefully, especially the part about what the advertiser is seeking. Don't answer an ad just because you like the way he sounds (completely overlooking the fact that he specifically asks for heavy and you're 106 pounds soaking wet). If the guy gets a hundred responses and 10 of them are from men who don't fit his qualifications, why should he answer those?

--Don't unload your life story with your initial ad response. Read the first tip on placing an ad (below) and pattern your letter accordingly by making it simple, positive and to the point. Don't scare the guy off by coming on too strong. After all, you really don't know that much about him yet.

--If the advertiser insists upon a photo, include a portrait snapshot you don't need to have returned. Don't include a nude photo until you know that the guy isn't a collector who will send them all over the country. If the advertiser insists upon a nude photo in his ad, there's a 50-50 chance that he's a collector and not seriously interested in meeting anyone. Of course, if you like that game, then play it.

--If you're positive that you met the advertiser's qualifications and haven't received an acknowledgment after four to six weeks, advise us and we'll banish the repeat offenders. If you want photos returned but can't get the guy's attention, let us know. Generally, we recommend that you merely scratch him off the list. Don't waste your time writing him again. Soon, he'll be off everyone's list.

--If he responds to your response and you like what you see, then fill him in on the real you. If feelings are mutual, don't postpone a meeting; test the chemistry as soon as possible. Very few relationships--including friendships--thrive without physical contact.

--If you are unhappy with your lack of success, please don't blame the magazine. Before you give up on us, give your own 100%. Place your own ad.

ADVERTISING

--Make your ad simple, positive and to the point. Describe yourself, indicating at least race, age, height, weight and eye/hair color. State your more positive characteristics/attributes (intelligent, 12 inch cock, compassionate, brain surgeon, 20 inch arms, mellow, in possession of all SWAN Videos, etc.) Briefly describe what you seek, not what you exclude. Reveal what's important to you without divulging your intimate self. Save that for when you meet someone you'd like to pursue.

--We discourage any advertiser from having his telephone number published. Of course, if you are into phone sex, then have at it. Those of you who aren't, be warned that you could possibly get weird calls at all hours. We've heard chilling tales about sinister freaks who go overboard with the calls, forcing the advertiser to change his number.

--If you get replies from men who obviously misread your ad and are not what you're looking for, it would be nice to mail them a form letter or short note, advising that you're not interested. Some guys are so lonely that they read what they want to read. Of course, you're not obligated to answer under those conditions, but a little kindness goes a long way.

--If a reply is from someone you definitely don't want to pursue, but within the parameters you specified, you must respond to their letter. Be gentle, yet honest. If you're smart, though, you'll leave the door open for friendship, along with the resulting social activities. Many a man met his lover through an introduction by a friend or acquaintance.

--If a reply comes from someone you're marginally interested in, force yourself into at least one round of correspondence or initial meeting. We've met quite a few men who don't come across well in their ads and photos, yet turn out to be dream boats in person. They could also turn out to be a good friend who will introduce you to some exciting people. Don't cheat yourself.

--If a responder seems too good to be true, be cautious. Scams start out that way. If he tells a tale of woe or asks for money or comes on strong early on, back off. Don't be a fool. And don't forget: scams don't always originate from prisons.

--Another type you must stay alert for is the guy who starts out being the most charming man you've ever met, then hideously transforms into a modern day Mr. Hyde. Some of our advertisers have shared horror stories about short lived relationships with psychotics. Be objective at all times and don't let your wishful thinking cloud your reasoning abilities. Look for strange, little quirks.

--We've witnessed the meeting and ultimate coupling of hundreds of men through our ads. Hundreds found what they were seeking. Several others, however, claiming to have fallen in love prior to a meeting, have since split up or been terribly disillusioned. Falling in love without the chemical reaction of a physical meeting is extremely rare. Be skeptical when someone --especially an inmate-- professes love for you based just on your letters and a photo.

--Your goal should be to receive as many responses as possible. Granted, it'll be a pain in the ass answering all those letters and you're bound to get your share of wacko mail, but think of the improvement of your odds.

--In any important quest, attitude, patience and determination are key elements in attainting success. A positive attitude is infectious and will attract other positive people. Regardless of your looks, there is someone out there who will love you, provided you are sincere, outreaching and loving. You don't have to settle for less than what you want and deserve.

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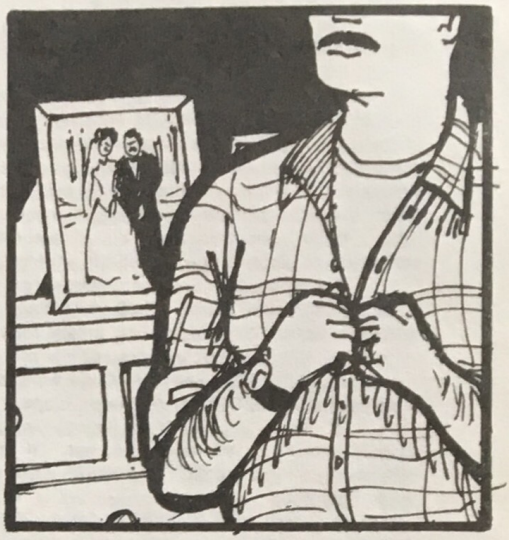
GREY GRIZZLY
This Mountain Animal gives sensual pleasure to cubs or other grizzlies. Rugged, hairy, bearded, brawny, and gives erotic, arousing massage. Tired of hibernating? Give this Daddy a try. 24 hours. Andy (415) 826-5452

ELIO

by BORDEN LEWIS

© BY THE AUTHOR

THIS EPISODE ... "INTRODUCTION"



PERSONAL ADS

The express purpose of these ads is to aid our readers in finding friends and mates. CHIRON RISING takes no responsibility for any undesirable relationship or incident resulting from these ads and urges all our subscribers to use caution and common sense. We will screen all ads and refuse to print any ad which, in our opinion, implies deceit, fraud or peril. We cannot, however, control or monitor replies to readers' ads.

Valid complaints about advertisers who fail to answer replies are compiled and abusers are denied advertising services.

The following are instructions for writing to advertisers with code words, which are in **BOLD CAPITAL LETTERS**, followed by NO address. Note: Write to models, artists and writers the same way.

1. Write, return address, stamp and seal your letter.
2. IN PENCIL, write the Code word or contributor's (model, artist, writer) name in the CENTER of the envelope.
3. Place your letter (or letters) inside a larger envelope and fully identify yourself in the return address. If you are a subscriber, include NO money. If you are NOT A SUBSCRIBER, include $1 for each letter you want forwarded.
4. Mail to: CHIRON RISING, P.O. Box 2589, Victorville, CA 92393.

NOTE: LETTERS NOT MEETING THE ABOVE SPECIFICATIONS WILL NOT BE FORWARDED.

GOOD LUCK WITH YOUR QUEST.....

ALABAMA

(H-12/89) NATIONWIDE: Want to catch a horny, handsome, GWM, silver fox, 59, 6'-1", 190#? Masculine, outgoing, passionate, professional designer. Like all the arts, gourmet cooking, good wine, videos and a hot sack! Interested in explicit correspondence, phone calls, possible meetings, and even possible future relationship. Want to appreciate the pleasures of this man in high heat? Photo appreciated, will reciprocate. Write: A.H.H., P.O. Box 353, Tuskegee, AL 36083

ARIZONA

(C-10/89) WINTER VISITORS: Visiting the Southwest? Write me if you're hot, hung and husky. French A/P, Greek A/P, J/O, pictures--your satisfaction guaranteed. Write: T.C., P.O. Box 12713, Tucson, AZ 85732.

(B-10/89) HEAVYSET MAN WANTED: A motivated young man, 30, 5'-11", 185#, seeks a big man, 250#+, stable and good natured. I'm very independent and desire the same. Please, let's exchange letters and photos. Write: **SAGUARO**.

NORTHERN CALIFORNIA

(Y-10/89) SAN FRANCISCO: Quiet, affectionate, GWM, 72, 5'-8", 160#, masculine, white hair, moustache. Would like to meet guys 40-60 for friendship and more. I am A/P French, 69. No kinky stuff or drugs. Like to watch Porno movies. Love to travel. Your nude photo gets mine. Write: **YELLOWTHROAT**.

(M-12/89) EXOTIC GEM IN SAN FRANCISCO: 40, 5'-5", 160#, 7" uncut from India. Like movies, some opera, theatre, soft music, football and tennis. I'm successfully self employed, very considerate, clean, articulate, versatile (like 69 and A/P French), caring, loving; and wish to find a senior who is short/stocky, tall/hunky or big/broad. Willing to relocate anywhere. Write: Nari, P.O. Box 27182, San Francisco, CA 94127, or phone (415) 585-6585.

(B-10/89) SLENDER MUSCULAR MATE WANTED: by 6'-3", 245 lb, healthy, physically active, professional, HIV negative man with cut 7". Prefer type builds such as CR Feb/March BRIAN PATRICK RICHMOND (Page 22), GLENN RHODES (Page 51) and THE BIKER (Page 53). I am sexually versatile, preferring 69 1st, top 2nd and so forth. Please send nude photo to Rob Booth, P.O. Box 166, Fairfield, CA 94533.

(S-12/89) S.F. BAY AREA/NATIONWIDE: W/M, 60, 5'-11", 155#, moustache, fairly masculine, likes one on one kissing, hugging, caressing, etc., along with good versatile sex. Like manly, white men any age, size or shape, but prefer 40 to 70. Relocate to live with me. Good home life, garden, etc., but settle for local encounters until then. Write: J.R.S., P.O. Box 20331, Oakland, CA 94620.

(W-2/90) NUDE MODELS NEEDED: Professional photographer, 41, seeks CHIRON readers of all ages for quality nude studies. Particularly seek visual extremes, such as stocky, masculine daddies, ugly dominant tops, and submissive younger "chasers." Call (415) 227-5137 (24 hours).

(J-10/89) NOE VALLEY/SAN FRANCISCO: GWM son, looking for 50s to 70s dominating daddy. I have blond hair and blue eyes and am 5'-10", 176#. Enjoy safe sex. Like passionate, romantic types. Enjoy catering to older men. Beards, tall types and beer bellies a plus! Write: **BJJ.**

(R-10/89) SOUTH BAY AREA: W/M, 43, 5'-11", 200#, healthy, hairy, uncut, beefy, Italian, trim beard and moustache, masculine, sincere and romantic. Loves lots of cuddling and hot safe Gr and Fr action. Seeks hairy, masculine, chubby, mature guy for fun, friendship and possible relationship. Send photo and phone number to: Tom Ribaudo, 56 Centre St. #13, Mountain View, CA 94041-2339.

(M-12/89) SAN FRANCISCO: GWM, 48, 5'-8", 165#, masculine, good-looking, 6" cut, hazel/brown (balding, graying). Stocky, work-muscular body (24" thighs, 18" calves). Honest, like same. Not racist or ageist. Like to lie back for long sessions. Call Rich, (415) 771-6018, Monday thru Thursday ONLY.

(T-8/90) SACRAMENTO COUNTY BEYONDER: F.C. Algonquin, over 70, medically healthy, masculine, affectionate, endowed 7" uncut, fairly horny, nonsmoker. Loves pipe or cigar smoker. Romantic aspects: seeks friend any age, safe sex. Write: **THEO-JOS**.

(S-12/89) S.F. BAY AREA SILVER FOX: Quiet, interesting, attractive, busy, Blake Carrington type, 5'-7", 165#, clean shaven, HIV negative, white professional, seeks younger attractive Japanese, Asian, Caucasian interested in theater, opera, ballet, travel and world around him. Prefer age 30-45 (but I'm open minded), trim nonsmoker, light or nondrinker, no drugs, independent, into cuddling, affection, friendship, hopefully leading to sexual relationship. I'm not much for bars or discos, but enjoy social events, dining out and quiet dinners at home. If you can't cook, I can. Tell me about yourself and send a photo with your letter to: Doc, P.O. Box 14752, San Francisco, CA 94114.

(A-10/89) SF WIDE AREA: W/M, 58, 6', low-key, nice-looking, educated, sane, secure, health conscious, near 7 uncut. Relish cock pleasures with affectionate men, any age. Daytime fine. Creative nude squirming. Each answered. Travel New England, NYC, Philadelphia. Write: **LOON.**

(A-12/89) NORTHERN CALIFORNIA, HIGH SIERRAS: Active, semi-retired top professional, 59, 6'-4 1/2", 195#, blonde, blue, attractive, seeks younger counterpart graduate student or professional for safe friendship/relationship, occasional travel. No smoke/drugs; social drinking OK. If you're a nice, responsible person interested in the same, please write and send photo to: **VIKING**.

(R-10/89) BAY AREA/NATIONWIDE: Baby Bear wishes to meet Papa Bear for hibernating by a fire on a cold winter evening and frolicking in a meadow on a warm summer day. I am GWM, 37, 5'-11", brown/brown, hairy but clean shaven, and masculine. Would like to meet someone 50+, husky, hairy, and grey. Am open to most sexual activities but enjoy cuddling the most. Have varied interests which include good food, theater, bridge, and most especially sports--both participatory and as a fan. Would like someone to warm my den for a lifetime. Your letter and possibly a photo gets a definite reply. Write: **BABYBEAR**.

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

(H-12/89) SANTA BARBARA AND VENTURA: W/M, 73 years old, physically and sexually active, 5'-8", 160 #, A-P/Fr, P/Gr, very affectionate. Seeks contact with one guy or a couple for fun and games. Write: Yankee Doodle, P.O. Box 123, Oak View, CA 93022

(S-10/89) I'VE GOT BALLS! 63 year old, hairy hunk, 6', 185#, salt and pepper hair, brown eyes, well hung, clean shaven, seeks eager oral experts to drain me dry and then some. Any age or race is fine. I have no top/bottom hang-ups but I'll respect yours. Southern California preferred but will answer all. Write: K.S.S., P.O. Box 1501, Pomona, CA 91769.

(M-12/89) SAN FERNANDO VALLEY/BURBANK ROMANTIC: Mostly top seeks passive over 40. I am 57, 6 ft., 210#, 6-3/4" curved and cut, stocky, strong, hairy, mustachioed. Prefer hairy, under 6 ft., under 7" and in working condition, but all considered, any weight any size. Foto appreciated. A/P French, A Greek. Heavy into kissing, cuddling and romance. Aggressive but gentle. Enjoy fone J/O and in person contact. Write: L.O., P.O. Box 6884, Burbank, CA 91510. Fone number would be a bonus.

(K-10/89) SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA SWAN/C-R MODEL: GWM, 57, 6'-2", 225#, rugged, muscular, average endowment, partially bald with grey fringe, moderately hairy, non-smoking, light drinker, versatile/sane sex, good imagination, considerate, understanding. Love touching, massaging, walking, bicycling, wrestling.....caring. Looking for mature, masculine, stable, considerate, understanding man, any race. Your photo gets mine. Write: **ZORRO.**

(M-2/90) COACH-DAD'S GUY: 38, 6', 185, hairy, 7" cut, former Marine and high school coach. This guy enjoys athletic/military type men, 50+. Pipe, cigars, tattooed and hairy, extra turn on. Pick up your clipboard and drop the coach your game plan. Write: Coach, 3208 Cahuenga Blvd., West #8, Los Angeles, CA 90048.

(S-12/89) SHORT STOCKY MAN SEEKS BIG MAN: GWM, 45, 5'-7", 230#, brown beard/moustache, masculine, good-looking, fun loving. Seeks eligible big bear, 45 to ?. Must have pleasant disposition and like to laugh. Photo appreciated. Will reciprocate. Write: **URSUS MINOR**

(S-10/89) CALIFORNIA--ESP. ORANGE/SAN DIEGO COUNTIES: Relationship orientated GWM, 62, 5'-10", 170#, blue/blond-grey, husky outdoor/homebody. Love sailing, fishing and the arts. I'm masculine, sexually versatile, romantic as hell, HIV negative. Looking for similar type, 40-65+. Would relocate for right person. Your photo gets mine. Write: L. Stephens, 16802 Lynn St. #3, Huntington Beach, CA 92649.

(S-12/89) SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA/NATIONWIDE: 50, 6'-3", 210#, blue eyes, brown/grey hair, hairy chest, masculine, A/P French, A/ Greek, discreet. Would like to meet, correspond, exchange photos with medium to husky built men, 45-70. Interests include: sports, movies, music, travel and photography. Travel a great deal on business, so possible to meet near you. Photo appreciated. Hairy chest preferred but not necessary. Write: **MANZANITA.**

(V-4/90) LONG BEACH SAGITTARIAN: GWM, 51, 5'-7", stocky, hairy, blond/grey. Look like and identify with RAM's cover of CHIRON RISING. Seek GWM who is younger, shorter, somewhat stocky, clean shaven, some body hair and doesn't drink or do drugs. Write: John Veith, 119 Orange Ave. #10, Long Beach, CA 90802.

(W-12/89) NEAR GLENDALE: Masculine, white, 65, 5'-10", 180#, hairy, bull balls, salt & pepper with beard, non-smoker, seldom drinker, nudist, C-R model. Incredible masseur. Love intimate, active life with right person. Seek younger, all races. Please be stable, loving, sincere. Your nude photo, phone gets mine. Serious replies to: Gene, 4071 Perlita Ave., Apt. "D", Los Angeles, CA 90039.

(W-10/89) GRINGO GRANDE: Single GWM, 50, 6'-5" tall in the High Desert Area. This big (XL) man is seeking masculine Latin, 25 to 35 for friendship and mutual pleasure. Photo appreciated. Write: **GRANDE.**

(B-12/89) SEEKING SERIOUS YOUNG ADULT--NATIONWIDE: 57 year old lawyer in Palm Springs area, 5'-8", 190#, brown/brown, seeks serious young man to share home and life in Palm Springs year round resort area. Prefer 18-25, slim. I am loving, dedicated, stable, friendly, easy-going; active in community affairs; interested in wide range of sports and other activities, especially movies, plays; willing to help right young man get established. Prefer stable non-smoker. Send letter describing yourself to: **BARRISTER.**

(H-10/89) NATIONWIDE: GWM, 63, 5'-10", 185#, Brown/Brown, 7" uncut, wants hot pen pals. Tell me all, I'll do the same. Write: **HOT PANTS.**

(H-2/90) WARM AND LOVING: Handsome, silver hair and very blue eyes, financially secure, 60, 6'-1" tall Greek/P gentleman. Seeks very loving, tall, Greek/A but gentle, experienced gentleman, 30-60, for very sexual but also romantic friendship or relationship. Please, no games, drugs, self-centered egotists. Warm human beings. Idealism and sex, dreams of reality and reality of dreams. Write: **DREAMER.**

(C-10/89) VENTURA OR SANTA BARBARA/NATIONWIDE: GWM, looking for friendship with couples or singles. Honesty a plus. I am 65, 5'-6", 140#. My partner is 39, 6'-4", 275#. We love all kinds of music, movies, gardening, some travel, etc. Write: Paul, 998 Church St. #26, Ventura, CA 93001.

(B-10/89) VENICE: Good looking, sincere, honest and fun W/M, 40s, looking for mature, masculine gentleman over 60. Prefer no beards or moustaches. Drawings by RAM a real turn on, but I have no hang-ups over height, weight, size, looks, etc. It's more important to me that a person is caring and sincere. I am 6'-2", 160#, black/blue, smooth slender build. I am healthy, discreet, masculine and genuinely attracted to mature, masculine men. Have much love and devotion to give to right person. Very active outdoors but also enjoy quiet times and cuddling. Versatile as long as it's safe and fun. Have interest in B/D and Rubberwear. Photo and phone appreciated but will answer all. Can travel. Write: **FIDDLER.**

(A-10/89) CARLSBAD: Low-key, casual relationship wanted by 48 year old GWM. Be a MAN over 50, clean, white, disease free, health oriented, non-smoker. Hung, hunky/heavy, masculine (like me) and oral are most favored. I am 190#, 5'-6", brown eyes, balding. Write: L.T.A., 800 Grand, AG-8, #219, Carlsbad, CA 92008.

(R-10/89) NATIONWIDE: GWM, hot and horny, 62, 5'-8", 195#, brown/hazel, medium hung and uncut. Love men over 60 years. Live alone in a two bedroom apartment. Would like a relationship with right person. Visitors welcome. Semi-retired. Your nude photo will get mine. All letters will be answered. Write: Larry R. Rose, 377 Mel Ave. #1, Palm Springs, CA 92262, (619) 320-3264.

(B-10/89) LOS ANGELES AND FLORIDA: WM, 44, 6'-4", 195#, versatile, seeks mature topman or hot couple for 3-way. Leave discreet messages for Dutch, (213) 656-0258 or P.O. Box 2754, Hollywood, CA 90078. Will be in Florida in November. See photo this issue.

(B-2/90) LA JOLLA: Bi W/M, 55, 6'-2", 210#, to meet/correspond with other horny compatibles. Any size, shape, color. A/P any sane sex that feels good. Love fondling, nudity, French and creative assplay. Mild kinks okay. W/S? Want friends, not lovers. Can meet in Arizona or Southern California. Write: H.B., P.O. Box 8376, LaJolla, CA 92038.

(V-10/89) SANTA BARBARA: Sensitive, sane, slim, smooth 59 seeks friendship/relationship with 35+ for loving, caring. Enjoy quiet times, home, film, gardening, travel, massage, biking, hiking, loving. Let's talk/correspond. Write: Al, P.O. Box 30676, Santa Barbara, CA 93130, or call (805) 682-6045.

(R-12/89) LET'S GET TOGETHER IN CALIFORNIA: 55, look younger, GWM, 5'-8", 200#, looking for lover. Retired. Varied interests. Picture and phone # if possible. Love sex. Write: **BRUCE II.**

(B-10/89) ITALIAN GWM OVER 65: Slender, healthy, masculine appearance. Very affectionate, endowed (7") uncut, non-smoker. Loves kissing, hugging, home-type intimacy. Seeks a friend living in San Diego. Must be over 250# and over 50. Pug nose a plus. Safe sex. Call until 10 pm. (619) 291-8966.

(D-12/89) SPECIAL PEN PAL! Because the Pen-is-Mighty, worthy of development and attention, join this eager writer of erotic essays in a new communication. Let's exchange fantasies by mail that create erection and self-enjoyment and when discovery leads to compatibility maybe we can meet and experience real One-on-One. I'm 5'-6", 145#, cleancut and cleanshaven, wanting a larger, retired military or cleric sort also born prior to 1935, an imaginative and intelligent non-smoker who is equally responsible both hygienically and fiscally. Please write to: **PENN.**

(P-12/89) SAN GABRIEL VALLEY: Black male photojournalist, 33, 5'-7", 155#, well hung, clean, attractive, seldom drinker, nonsmoker, no drugs. Seeks white men, 50+, stocky and clean shaven. See my photo in C-R October 89 issue. Write: Richie, P.O. Box 903, Duarte, CA 91010-4903.

COLORADO

(P-2/90) BOULDER DAD WANTS SON: GWM, professional, 66, 5'-11", 185#, blond/grey hair, blue eyes, medium hairy, uncut, educated, gentle, caring, honest, responsible, straight appearing, inter personal growth, loves buns, frottage. Wants son: 21-35, lover, friend, escort. Prefer trim, no drugs, penpals nationwide. Photo appreciated. Write: Leo, P.O. Box 539, Boulder, CO 80306.

CONNECTICUT

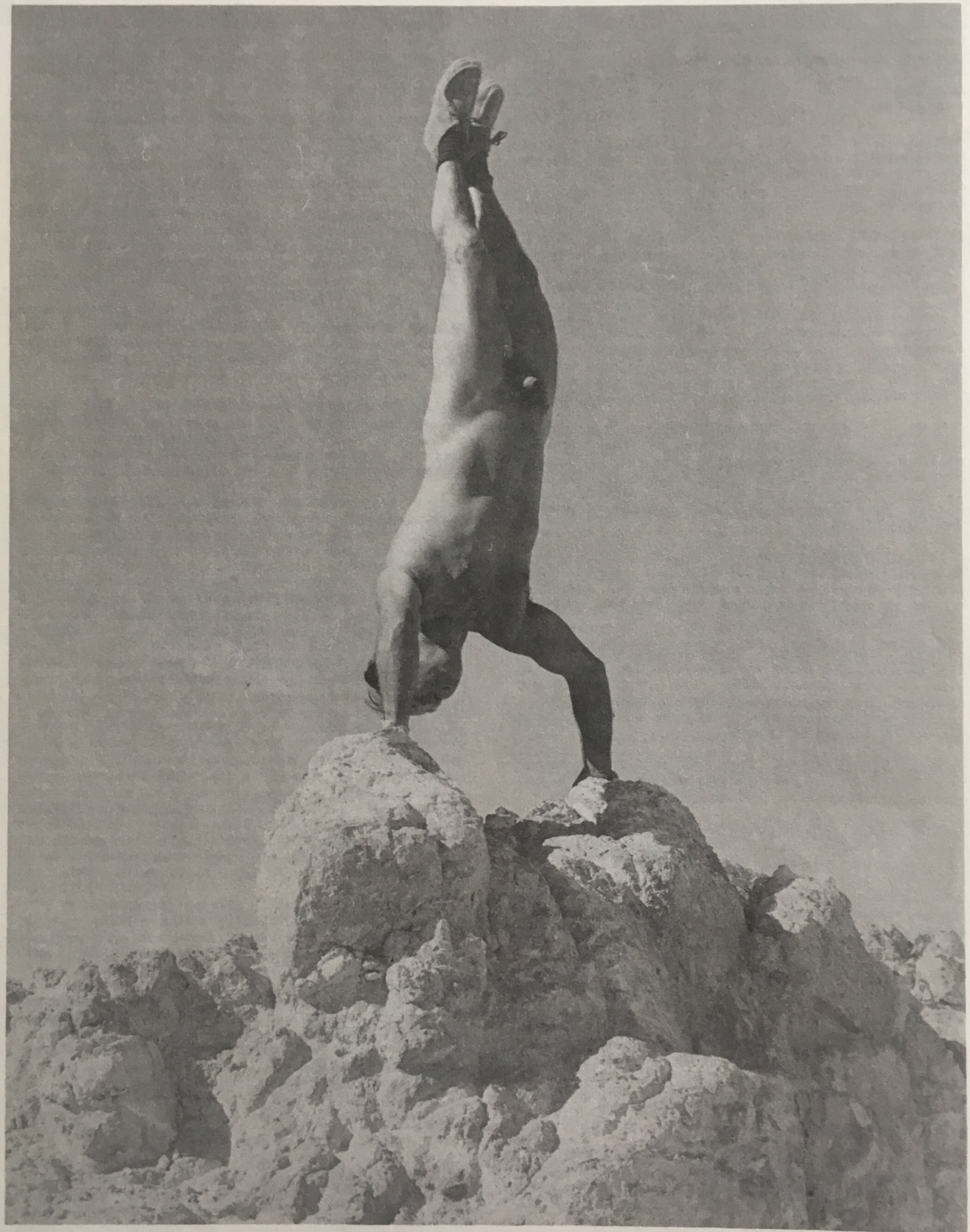
(H-6/90) WANTED: 18-27. See New Jersey.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

(D-10/89) LET'S GET TOGETHER: Me: GWM, 56, 5'-10", 200#, Fr A/ Gr P. You: Intelligent, humorous, literate, looking for friendship or more. Write: **BRAVISSIMO.**

FLORIDA

(B-4/90) CENTRAL FLORIDA-U.S. 27/441: Couple, 66, 6'-1",155# and 64, 5'-7", 140#. Singles or couples 35+ for friendship and/or sex on a one to one basis welcome to our home located 8 miles north of Leesburg,



EX-LOGGER SHOWING OFF....photo by JOHN

23 miles south of Ocala. No drugs, S & M, freeloaders or collect calls. Write: Jim, P.O. Box 602, Lady Lake, FL 32659. Phone: (904) 753-2857.

(H-12/89) FT. LAUDERDALE NICE GUY: GWM, 38, 161#, 6'-1", brown hair, blue eyes. Nice smooth body, great skin, 9-1/2 inch big cock. Very friendly individual with great house in Ft. Lauderdale. Looking for nice guys 40 to 80, both visitors and permanents. Have hot videos, just lay back and enjoy. Like hairy, heavy, stocky types, but not necessity. Like to spank you lightly for fun. And leather and lite bondage are fun, but not necessity. Love 69 and G/A. All great SILVER CENTAURS please write and send photo. I will do same. Write: **REDDY**.

(J-2/90) SOUTHWEST FLORIDA: GWM, 40, 5'-11", 195#, searching for honest, sincere, warm and affectionate, husky or heavyset, masculine senior to share pleasures, passions and life. Write, with photo please: Jackson, P.O. Box 2072, Marco Island, FL 33969.

(C-10/89) CENTRAL FLORIDA: GWM, 63, 5'-8-1/2", 165#, Brown/Brown, clean shaven, cut 5-1/2". Discreet, clean and healthy. Do not drink or use any drugs. Am loving, sensitive and considerate. Many varied interests. Enjoy music, photography, gay videos. Looking for safe sex. Love mutual J/O and 69. Enjoy quiet evenings at home. Interested in monogamous, permanent relationship. Lost my lover of 42 years after bypass surgery. Love to meet someone my age or older to share my new home. Honest and sincere, write with photo to: B. Cleveland, Rt. #2, Box 651H, Lady Lake, FL 32659.

(J-10/89) SARASOTA: Lonesome old Teddybear (non-hairy) wants safe, hot men. Belt okay. Write: 238 Robin Dr., Sarasota, FL 34236-1606.

(A-10/89) FLORIDA NEWCOMER: 40, 6'-2", 215#, blue eyes, graying hair. Interests include sailing, fishing, boating, rural lifestyle, animals, travel, camping, shared home life. Am affectionate, romantic, passionate and very versatile. Prefer 50-?, average to large build, assertive/aggressive men for friendship/relationship. Prefer Gulf Coast/SW Florida, but will answer all. Write: J.A., 5053 Ocean Blvd, Ste 72, Sarasota, FL 34242.

(G-10/90) NATIONWIDE: Retired gentleman past 60, Miami area, 5'-7", 150#, brown/gray, seeks serious MAN, 30 to 45, masculine, slender, to share home. I am loving, dedicated, stable, and enjoy movies, boating, cooking, travel. Prefer non-smoker. Foto and describe yourself. Write: C-R Reader, P.O. Box 610191, North Miami, FL 33181.

(L-12/89) ARE YOU LOOKING FOR ME? The evening of the 4th of July, I spent alone. Have you ever been alone? If you are a GWM in his 30s and want to be loved and love, and be lonely no longer, contact this GWM in his 50s. If you don't answer this ad, you will never know whether I'm the one person you have been looking for all of your life. What the hell do you have to lose? Let's exchange photos. Write: **BILL**.

(F-10/89) OCALA/MARION COUNTY CHUBBY: GWM, 48, 6'-2", 275#, brown/brown. I'm romantic, masculine, sexually curious, non-smoker, enjoy arts, most music, movies, safe/sane sex. Looking for slimmer guy to share honest loving friendship/relationship. HIV negative. Photo a must. Will reply to all serious replies. Write: Marvin Frankel, 8234 Fairways Circle #D201, Ocala, FL 32672.

(C-12/89) SOUTHWEST FLORIDA: Come fly with me to Camelot, be wined and dined and adored by a 64 year old, 6', 185# dude. Gray hair a plus. This offer applies only from Friday nite to Monday morning. Write: C-R Reader, 3033 N.E. 20 Terrace--East, Ft. Lauderdale, FL 33306.

(S-10/89) FT. LAUDERDALE BIG SENSUAL CHUBBY: GWM, goodlooking 51, 5'-11", 310#, masculine appearance and actions. Still smoking, no drugs or booze. Great sense of humor. College grad and still learning. Very gentle, affectionate, caring and safely hot. Turned on by intelligence and aliveness. Character and personality counts.... size, age and looks don't. Committed relationship a distinct possibility. Write: Norman Sapirman, 2304 N.E. Ninth Ave, Wilton Manors, Ft. Lauderdale, FL 33305. (305) 565-0345.

(S-12/89) GWM SEEKS BM, OM, OR "ALL-AMERICAN BOY" GWM: I'm 55, 5'-9", 165#, enjoy homelife, travel, gym, horses, shows, movies, active life, good sex, and more. RELOCATABLE. Prefer 18-35, monogamous, non-smoker, straight appearing, caring, and sharing mate. Photo appreciated. Write: R.S., P.O. Box 150271, Cape Coral, FL 33915.

(D-6/90) SEEKS RELATIONSHIP: GWM, 60, 6'-1", 205#, masculine, horny, healthy, affectionate, sincere. Sports, boating, winter South Florida, summer Ohio, but flexible. Need friend, lover, over 40. You be similar or close thereto. Many varied interests, financially secure, some aid possible. Tom D., P.O. Box 1226, Cuyahoga Falls, OH 44223, or call (216) 929-7225.

(S-12/89) CENTRAL FLORIDA: Couple, 59, 5'-11", 230# and 58, 5'-11", 220#, seeks clean, discreet GWM singles or couples for friendship and/or sex. Stocky, affectionate, masculine types. No drugs or S & M. Prefer non-smokers. Write: **TEDDY**.

(A-10/89) WINTER IN FLORIDA: Retired bottom has spare room to rent for winter. Rural area within hour of beaches, major attractions. Write: V.E. Torney, 1236T Marumi Pl., Crescent City, FL 32012.

GEORGIA

(P-6/90) FATHER TYPE WANTED: (emotional, not financial) GWM, Dutch/American, 48 years old, 6'-2", 220#, semi-retired professional, financially independent, bilingual, greyish hair, smoke, drink socially, discreet, enjoy excellent way of living. Looking for a man's man, father type, hairy, stocky (not fat), 50-65 years old, boardroom-type, stable. Also, HIV negative, discreet and not afraid of mixed society and small talk once in a while. Likes to enjoy life with somebody in a healthy and honest way and not afraid to improvise on sexual behavior for the time being. Please write letter and send photo with clothes on. Not interested in the meat market, because there should always be some fantasy and romance left. Write: **OSPREY**

(D-12/89) GEORGIA/NATIONWIDE: GWM, 39, 5'-8", 140, data processing professional. Looking for pen pals and making/meeting new friends. You 50+, hairy, stocky. Photo appreciated but not required. All answered. Write: **D.D.**

(H-10/89) DOUBLE YOUR PLEASURE AND OURS: GW Couple, 63, 5'-8 1/2", 185# and 66, 5'-10", 165#, seeks two men, nationwide, singles or couple to share our home, work and play in rural Georgia for permanent relationship. We have much to share, but some income needed. Pluses are country background and non-smoker/drinker/drug abuser. Photos exchanged. Write: **COCK-OR-TWO**.

ILLINOIS

(C-10/89) MELT AT PHOTO OF THUNDERBIRD? SO DID I! BiWM, late 60s, hung and yearning to breathe free but will settle for gay correspondence. Into: cocks, books, music, cocks, sincerity, firm-wristed masculinity, cocks, responsibility, clever rauchiness, cocks. Write: **PATROCLUS**

(W-2/90) THERE IS SNOW ON THE ROOF BUT THERE IS FIRE IN THE FURNACE: Older Chicago chubbie (slightly over 60 and over 300 pounds) needs young chasers (30 and under). Lots of love for small chasers with big dicks. Like Tom of Finland types. Like lots of play and sex. Write: **MAGIC**.

(M-10/89) CHICAGO FISHERMAN! WM, 5'-9", 185#, fishing for a fat friend (45 to 75 years old) to be close with and enjoy each other. No Greeking. I have a little smaller than average cock, but a loving one. I'm straight acting and love to fish. Please call work week nights. Have answering machine - (312) 725-1871, or write: **FISHINGNUT**.

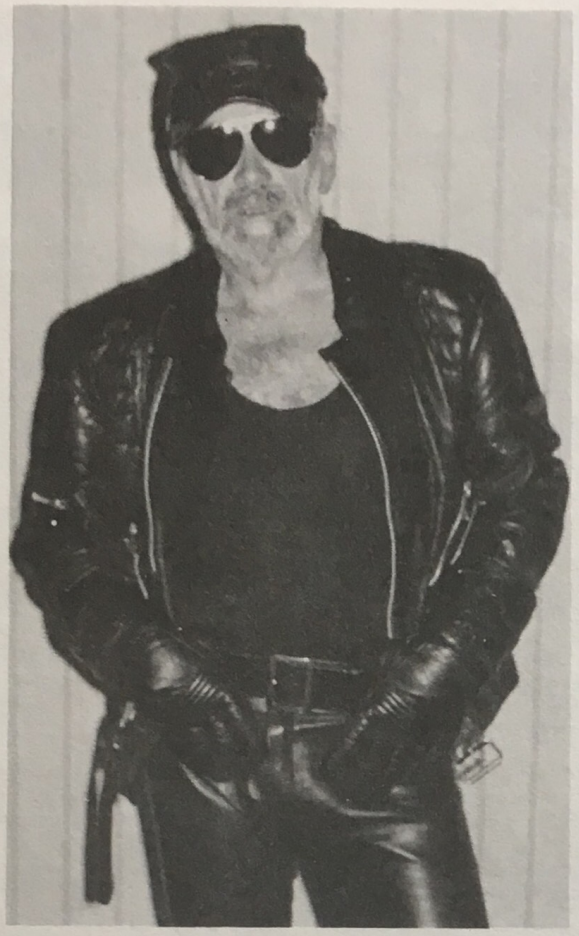
(O-2/90) BIG BELLIED MEN: GWM, 47, 5'-8", 136#, 6" cut, muscular, blue eyes, wants to hear from well hung, heavy men. Your picture gets mine. Write: JNO, 2238 N. Lakewood, Chicago, IL 60614.

(P-6/90) CHICAGO DAD SEEKS SON: GWM, 55, 5'-10", 155#, greying, moustache, professional, seeks son/lover relationship. No drugs, non-smoker preferred--self supporting, to share bed with right person, cuddle, safe sex, J/O, video, travel. Blacks a plus. Sincere only. Send photo, phone number to: **EAGLE.**

(L-8/90) HORSE WANTED: GWM, 6'-1 1/2", 200#, lanky 62 year old wants a 220# +, strong, heavyset playmate, any age, to horseplay, mutually pump iron, Nautilus, swim, ride bikes, watch videos, safe sex, etc. with me. Reward is my good pec, tit, nipple play, etc. Write: John Lange, P.O. Box 1395, Melrose Park, IL 60160.

KENTUCKY

(H-12/89) TURKEY CREEK: W/M age 57, 5'-8", 200#, full head of dark brown hair, blue eyes, legally blind, read with magnifier. Looking for pen pals open minded enough to write handicapped men. Please write in broad, 1/2" block letters. Cannot read anything smaller. Write: Hugh Hampton, Rt. 61, Box 90, Turkey Creek, KY 41570.



SEAN II....photo by BBUSA

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PLEASE

* * *

Enclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope if your correspondence requires an answer from us.

* * *

Fully identify yourself in your correspondence. We can kill a good hour looking for the file of "Bill in Brooklyn."

* * *

THANKS!

ARCADIAN GRILL

(W-6/90) CALLING ALL COCKSUCKERS: GWM, 72, 5'-11", 160#, cut, looking for kindred spirits young and old, likes cocks, kissing, cuddling warm male bodies in and out of bed. Can travel to meet you. Write: Jim Wilson, P.O. Box 1767, Lexington, KY 40593, or call (606) 272-7193.

LOUISIANA

(B-12/89) LOUISIANA MAN, W/M, 27, 6', 190#: brown hair, green eyes, seeking 40+, the older the better. Like to hear from all non smokers interested in fishing, golf and music. Very versatile Fr/Gr, I like it all. Photo appreciated. Write: Rufus, Box 2135, Shreveport, LA 71162.

(L-2/90) NEW ORLEANS/GULF COAST: GWM, 64, 6'-1 1/2", 200#. Blue eyed, silver-haired, kind, affectionate, sincere, romantic gentleman seeking companion from 25 to 50 to share quite times and make memories. Write: Clint, 232 Pelican Ave., New Orleans, LA 70114.

MARYLAND

(M-10/89) MARYLAND-NATIONWIDE: GWM, 56, 5'-8", 185#, uncut, moderately hairy body, grey thinning hair, French/Greek A/P, J/O, seeks friends and phone J/O. Travel East Coast, Adirondacks. Would like to visit buddies in Florida, Vancouver. Telephone and photo appreciated. Live near Washington and am at home days and evenings. Age/race not important. Health and safety is prime. Write: **OBAN.**

(T-10/89) COCKEYSVILLE/NATIONWIDE: GWM, 35, Blond/Blue, 6', 250#, professional. I have always looked and felt older than I am, and I love men 40-90+. I like board games, dogs (show, sport), the outdoors, and pen-pal correspondence. I too have had bad experiences with GAYMAIN. Just for fun, I can travel north to Boston, MA; south to Norfolk, VA; or west to Pittsburgh, PA on my many long weekends if we hit it off. I gladly welcome pen-pals with other non-prisoners from anywhere. I may visit you on my vacations. Please, no drugs or dishonesty. Write: Mike, P.O. Box 16, Cockeysville, MD 21030, or call (301) 628-0415. I will return all calls.

MASSACHUSETTS

(D-10/89) NEW ENGLAND YOUNGSTER: 26, wants you. Seeks partners, penpals or phonecallers. Prefers hairy, BIG, sexy men, 40's to ? for safe, intimate play. Uncut, tattoos, bellies a plus. Photos appreciated. Write: D.N.D., 1440 Beacon #813, Brookline, MA 02146.

(C-12/89) MASS/USA: GWM, 58, 6', 180#, excellent health, non-smoker, social drinker, non-drugs, excellent education and sense of humor, sensitive, works in the arts. Seeks a similar friend for creative and itimate one-on-one activities. Recent photo and/or phone number will receive a prompt reply. Write: P.A.C., 1100 Salem St., Box 49, Lynnfield, MA 01940, or call (508) 531-0128.

(B-10/89) NATIONWIDE: GWM, 68, wants meetings and correspondence with UNCUT, YOUNG American Indian, Mexican, Oriental, Black, Hispanic and white men, age 23 to 30 who like their armpits, tits, bellybuttons, balls, cocks and assholes sucked. I'll suck the CHEESE and CUM out of your long UNCUT FORESKINS. I'm Greek passive and French active. Let me be your fuck and suck lover/slave. Your nude photo gets mine. Write: Lou Bradford, P.O. Box 112, Hanson, MA 02341 (Do not correspond after 11/1/89).

(Q-12/89) PROVINCETOWN: Anybody out there who would like to exchange nude photos and correspondence for safe fun with a GWM who is 40 years old, 5'-8", 150#, 7" cut, brown eyes, average good looks and balding? I'm turned on to mature men, both in mind and body. Age, weight, looks unimportant. Your nude photo gets mine. I'm honest and discreet. Please reply with photo to: Vince, P.O. Box 1382, Provincetown, MA 02657.

(O-12/89) BOSTON/NATIONWIDE: GWM, 37, 5'-8", 150#, masculine, seeks same over 50 for hot correspondence, nude photo, video exchange. I have an original RANCH HOUSE video. Prefer hairy, heavyset bodies. Grey or white hair a plus. Bald okay too. Any George Kennedy, Leslie Neilson lookalikes? Looking for friend, not lover. Write: **BLUE**.

MICHIGAN

(S-10/89) LIKES BIG BUNS: WM, 27, 5'-7", 150#, 6" cut very thick, brown hair/eyes, mustache, hairy body, masculine, straight acting, very affectionate. Seeks older man, 55 to 75 and over 230# for friendship and good sex. Prefer grandpa type, white or grey hair, balding, hairy body, under 5'-8", with-- most of all-- a big set of buns. Please send photo. Write: M.G.S., P.O. Box 9312, Livonia, MI 48150.

(B-2/90) CENTRAL MICHIGAN GWM, 50 YEARS OLD: Wanted: Someone in the Grand Rapids, Lansing, Detroit area who would like to go to the theatre, opera, ballet. Friendship first; other opportunities may develop as mutually desired. Younger man preferred, but all ages considered. Write: L.B., Box 48, Mt. Pleasant, MI 48804-0048.

(Q-12/89) MICHIGAN/NATIONWIDE: GWM, 61, 5'-10", 165#, healthy professional, seeks friends, penpals and eventually a relationship. Like to cuddle, kiss, Fr A/P. Varied interests. Prefer less heavy, more masculine and those not incarcerated. Photo appreciated. Write: Jack, P.O. Box 11, Carrollton, MI 48724.

(F-10/89) STOCKY DUDE SEEKS SAME: GWM, 59, 5'-8", 210#, masculine, seaplane pilot. Love outdoors. Very hairy. Prefer rugged sportsman or heavy equipment operator. Top man a plus, but who's perfect? I've got the perfect vacation spot for the fisherman, so check me out. Write: Bob Ford, P.O. Box 62, Roseville, MI 48066.

(S-10/89) SEEKING LOCAL YOUNGER MAN: with the capacity to respect self and others, reliability without rancor, plus the gift of being chronic good company, by gentleman, 60. Brightness essential for your good as well as mine. Non-negotiable: No ashtrays. (Too much to ask?) Photo unimportant: Attractiveness will be reflected in your response uncluttered by turgid descriptions of endowment and intimate practices. Should you have smoothly retractable foreskin, however, the favor of a prompt reply would be appreciated by H.S., P.O. Box 82, Bloomfield Hills, MI 48303. Ditto pianists!

MINNESOTA

(W-12/89) NATIONWIDE: Japanese, 32, 6'-0", 175#, software engineer, looking for the companionship of someone 40-65 in California or Texas areas. Would like to relocate. Please send your brief resume to Wayne, P.O. Box 8023, St. Paul, MN 55108.

MISSOURI

(M-12/89) MID-AMERICA BM: looking for WM with desire for tender loving times together. Prefer men 45+, uncut with Bull-Balls. Construction workers and truck drivers are a plus. Please write anyway if you are not any of the above. I am very flexible, and desire to please. Photo and phone after first letter. Honesty a must! Write: **BANG.**

(W-10/89) FROM MISSOURI HILLS: I'm 72, 6', 220#, 7" cut, retired professional, free to travel much of year. Likes to winter in S.W. Write: Mel, Rt. 3, Box 368, Salem, MO 65560.

MONTANA

(K-10/89) NORTHWESTERN MONTANA/WORLDWIDE: GWM, hairy, horny topman, 61, 5'-11", 185#, affectionate, clean, 6" cut. Seeking masculine, passive man. I am French A/P. No S/M, drugs or collect calls. Write: Jack Knapp, P.O. Box 265, Ronan, MT 59864, or call (406) 676-0561 (See Jack's photo in this issue).

NEW HAMPSHIRE

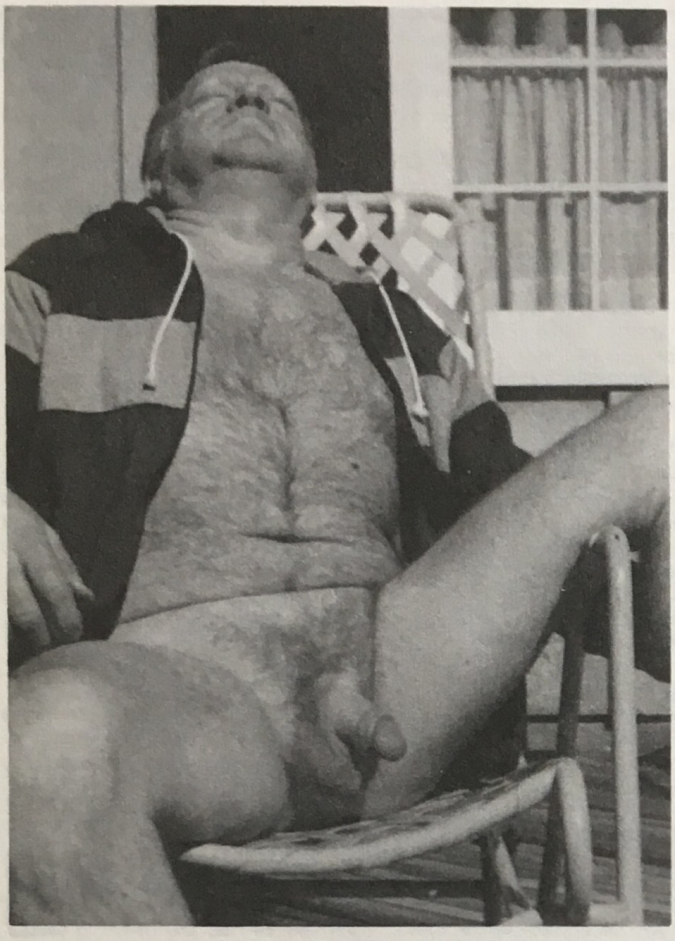
(P-12/89) MY YOUNG LOVER PLEASE ANSWER: GWM, 52, 5'-11", 180#, healthy, professional, balding, brown/grey, 6-1/2" uncut. Divorced after raising family. Ready to settle down, finally. Looking for self-sufficient young man who can become soul mate and friend. Prefer athletic type, into biking, hiking. Have my own house and guest room. Photo appreciated along with needs and background. Write: L.P., P.O. Box 3515, Manchester, NH 03105.

NEW JERSEY

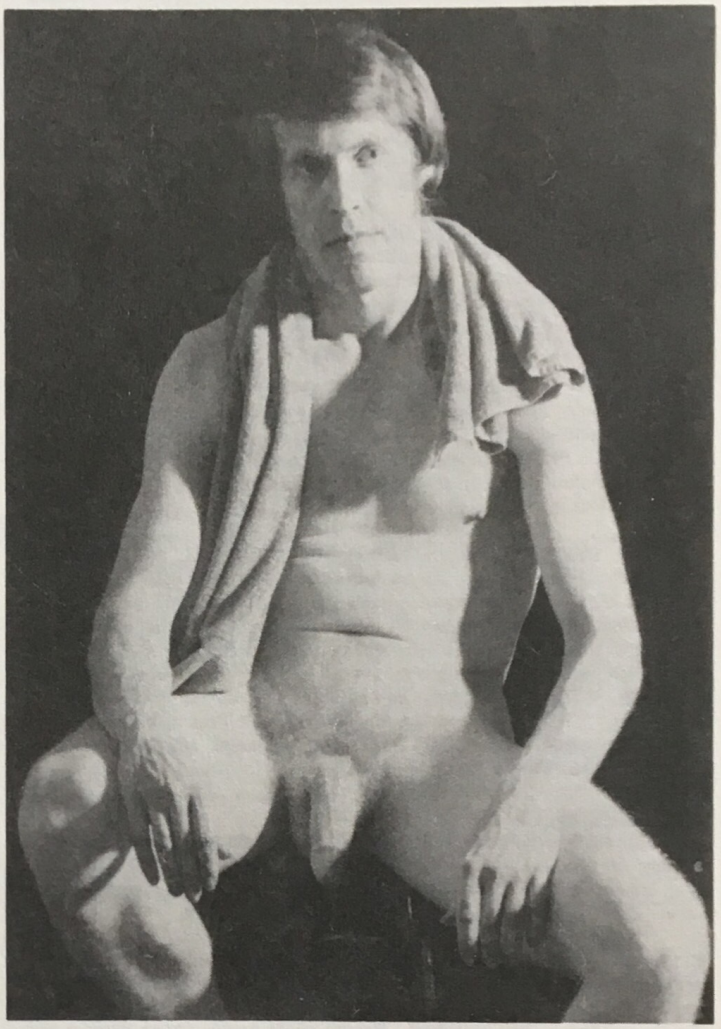
(G-12/89) AFFECTIONATE BOTTOM SEEKS GR/A TOP: Intelligent, masculine, Bi/W/M, 5'-11", 165#, 61, HIV neg, thick 6" cut, firm, lithe, gym-toned responsive body/buns, tactile and demonstrative. Erect posture, steady gaze, high cheekbones, bald top/cropped fringe. Dig submission and mind control. Enjoy companionship, music, philosophy, art, science and psychology. Volunteer with disabled, am loyal friend. Any race, age, over 6" or thick. Call Ken: (201) 592-6690; if recording, leave number.

(B-10/89) NEW JERSEY/NATIONWIDE: 30ish Libra, aspiring poet/writer, seeks those left or right of center for correspondence, intellectual stimulation and friendship. I have no hang-ups about age, size, race, religious or other beliefs, only people who have stopped thinking. All answered. Photo nice but not necessary. Write: **ALGIZ**.

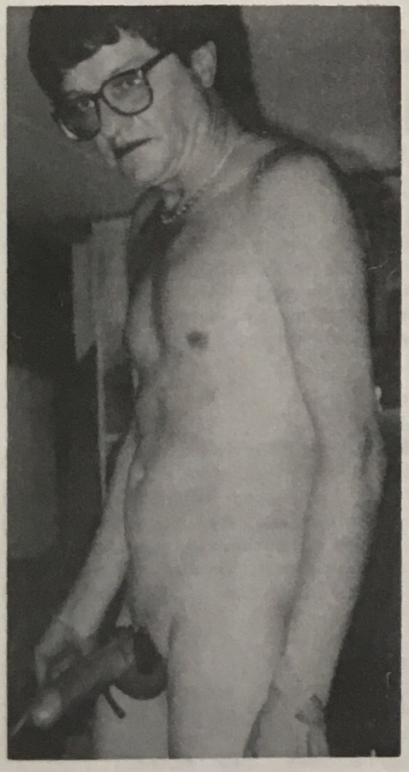
(H-6/90) WANTED: 18-27: NJ, NY, PA or CT man of any race who wants to meet a 6'-3", 245#, 51 year old, white-haired, sensual, WM sage. You'd get tender loving sex as you like it and knowledge of the world



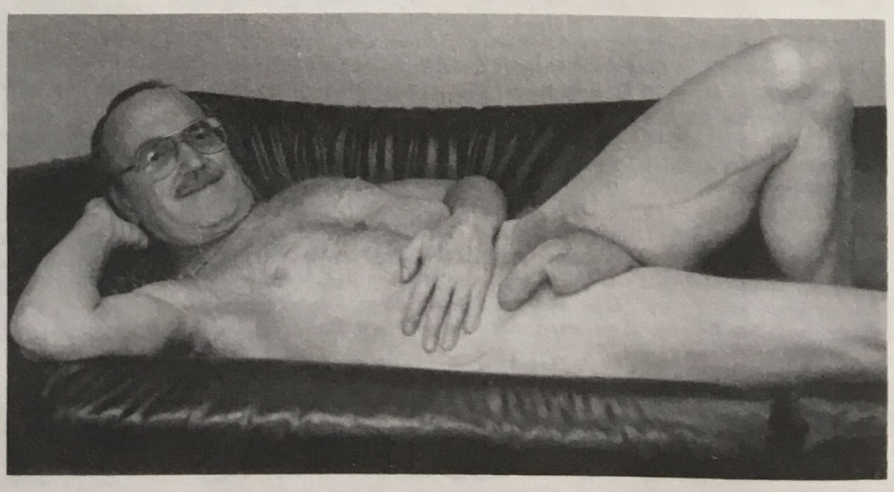
BILL....photo by SIMBA



DUTCH....photo by GENE



REDDY....photo by JIM



STUDENT....photo by DAVID

and your place in it. I have a place and can afford our travel and entertainment. Write: **OWL III.**

NEW MEXICO

(M-8/90) NATIONWIDE/SOUTHWEST: Lonely in small, rural, closeted area. Will exchange letters, photos, porn videos, JO ideas, hot phone calls. I am 62, 5'-7", 135#, wirey, outdoor tan, prefer men 50+ with same interests. No permanent commitments, just gentle love. Include phone number for fast reply. Write: EL PAISANO.

NEW YORK

(L-2/90) NEW YORK CITY: GWM, 6'-3", 270#, 36, husky, funloving man's man, would like to meet chunky men for sex and romance. All letters with photo answered. Write: Bob Daniels, P.O. Box 440, Wall Street Station, New York, NY 10268.

(D-12/89) 41 YEAR OLD BOTTOM SEEKS TOP: Italian, hairy, moustache, masculine, 185# solid, balding, 5'-11", stable, sane, not into bars, looking to please the right man (to 60) with lots of affection and hot (safe) sex. You: Masculine, strong, hairy, moustache a plus (no beards). Travel U.S. and international. Your photo gets mine. Photos returned. Write: **DOVEKIE**

(D-12/89) ROMANTIC ITALIAN: 62, 5'-9", 160#, short silver hair, beard, into TT, F A/P, G/A, S/S, HIV neg., seeks very hairy, masculine, football player type, clean cut 50+, facial hair, enjoys theatre, beach, traveling, t.v. Non drinker/drugs. Uncut a plus. Photo appreciated, answer all. Write: **ARIES.**

(H-2/90) NEW YORK CITY-NATIONWIDE: Frenchman, 42, 5'-11", 175#, dark hair, moustache, artist, real estate broker, warm, caring, sensual. Wants to correspond and meet heavy set, white haired gentlemen. Large nipples, belly, rear a PLUS. Can entertain in New York. Write: **PARAKEET.**

(S-10/89) WANTED: MODELS. Overweight, no other qualifications. NYC area only--3 hrs per session. Send photo with face showing. Write: **BURT.**

(H-10/89) ROMANTIC, HORNY LATIN-AMERICAN: Professional, educated, attractive, well travelled, sincere, mid-40s, husky, hung, 5'-6", 158#, white, black hair, welcomes short, stocky, muscular, hairy partner over 55 for mutual satisfaction and/or possible permanent relationship. Well endowed, big balls, pubic bush, and dentures a plus but not required. Photo exchange and telephone are welcome. Write: **ALLEGRO.**

(R-6/90) NEW YORK CITY/N.E. CONNECTICUT: GWM, 47 years, 220#, 6'-0", wants to meet and service GWM, 60+, uncut. I'm looking for men who like to be sucked and eaten, front and rear. W/S, Scat, turn me on. Write: F.R., Box 528, 70A Greenwich Ave., New York, NY 10011.

(R-10/89) MANHATTAN/NATIONWIDE GWM: 50, 5'-8", 192#, executive, worldwide traveler, HIV negative, very horny and affectionate, 5'-5", uncut. Seeks 40 to 60, very masculine men, hairy, beer belly, husky, heavy hung and thick 7 to ? is a plus. Bottom and top, but like top and bottom too. A/P French, A/P Greek, crazy about A/P tits manipulations. Welcome to kinky, leather, bondage, lite S/M. Two or more top men sounds a good idea. Preference for white, Arabs and Hispanics. Eclectic in arts, humour, good food, travels, weekends, real friendship and great nights. Can entertain in Manhattan. Immediate reply to all letters guaranteed. Foto and phone appreciated. Write: **WOLFGANG.**

(H-6/90) WANTED: 18-27. See New Jersey.

(M-2/90) NEW YORK CITY/NATIONWIDE: 39-year-old, 5'-10", 165#, warm, caring, cleancut, communicative and masculine, seeks white haired men over 55 for friendship and more. Will travel. Write: **TENO**

(R-12/89) BROOKLYN AFFECTIONATE BLACK MALE, 6 FT., AGE 60: HIV negative. I am sensitive and caring. Love to touch and cuddle. Seek chubby Black, Asian, Latin, Arab HIV negative, 10" plus long and thick, no fems, no drugs, no S & M, 55 to 65 for a long lasting relationship to grow together, safe and discreet. Send nude photo and letter to: **LONELY.**

(C-8/90) YOUNGER GUYS: are what I'm into, along with theatre, music, cooking and swimming. This personable Village guy would like to meet you. Write: **BRAD.**

(R-10/89) DADDY WANTED IN NYC: Latin *boy*, white, healthy, clean shaven, 5'-4", 130#, 41, fit, hairy, uncut. Seeks top, bearded, dominant, yet warm Daddy for safe erotic kink, relationship. No cigarettes. Write: **D.W.**

NORTH CAROLINA

(W-10/89) FAYETTEVILLE-FT. BRAGG: Very oral and loving, 61 year old, 6 ft., blue eyed and grey hair, wants to hear from all interested. I am very affectionate and devoted. Age no matter. Please write. All letters answered. Have 44 inch waist and weigh 235#. Hopefully, someone near will respond. Write: Tom Williams, P.O. Box 2845, Fayetteville, NC 28302.

OHIO

(E-10/89) HOT AND HORNY BLACK: 55, 6'-1", 200 pounds, seeking that someone special for lasting relationship. Stocky a plus and white is a double plus. Call (216) 323-5962 or write: John D. Elliott, 220 Lake Ave., Elyria, OH 44035-4902.

(M-12/89) NORTHERN OHIO: GW Couple, 46/48, both 200#, hung, big balls, both A/P French. Seeking mature, clean men with aggressive tongues, willing to explore. Cock rings, leather, light W/S. Write: B & J, Box 714, Cleveland, OH 44107.

OREGON

(B-12/89) PORTLAND AREA: GWM, 68 years young, looking for friendship in male sex, A/P French, P/Greek. Body size, weight, length not important. Good mind and outlook are important. Love touching, kissing your whole body, massage the right parts. Call (503) 241-7922, or write: Bob Bourg, 333 S.W. Oak #901, Portland, OR 97204.

(W-12/89) WEST COAST-NATIONWIDE: Seeks men who like lots of loving, touch, hugging and safe sex for mutual sharing and enjoyment. I am retired, 58, 5'-8", trim 160#, blond/blue, non smoker, Greek A/P, French P. Enjoy outdoors, ski, swim, theatre, movies, sharing. Can travel. Write: Bill W., P.O. Box 387, Clackamas, OR 97015 (Portland Area).

(H-10/89) SALEM: GWM, 44, 5'-11", 200#, nonsmoker, light drinker, no drugs. Enjoy fine restaurants, travel, computers, opera, and many other fun things. I am able to relocate and would like to meet someone 50+, stocky, heavy or fat. I am at present the manager of a restaurant in Salem, OR and living in Hubbard (about a 20 mile drive). I am not happy with the area and am looking to move out of Oregon. Please write and send photo to: Ed J. Higgins, P.O. Box 188, Hubbard, OR 97032.

PENNSYLVANIA

(H-2/90) PITTSBURGH/NATIONWIDE GWM, 53, 5'-11", 235#: masculine, but submissive bottom seeks to service rugged looking, beer drinking, cussing, smoking, farmers, miners, military dominants over 50. Into most scenes. Travel difficult but not impossible. I know how to take care of my daddy/boss, Sir! Photo gets mine. Write: Bill, Jr., P.O. Box 592, New Kensington, PA 15068.

(H-6/90) WANTED: 18-27. See New Jersey.

RHODE ISLAND

(J-4/90) CHUBBIES WANTED: GWM, 61, wants to meet chubby guys, over 250, any age to 75. Send photo to: Richard Judge, 460 Charles St., Apt. 1011, Providence, RI 02904.

SOUTH CAROLINA

(F-10/89) LAID BACK CONSTRUCTION MAN: GWM, 38, 5'-7", 178#, solid build and stocky, wants to hear from older men. I enjoy drinking a few cold, tall Buds, hanging out with good friends and shooting pool (9 ball). Your photo gets mine. Will answer all letters. P.S. They don't come any butcher. Mail to: M. Frank, P.O. Box 4231, Spartanburg, SC 29303.

TENNESSEE

(M-12/89) TENNESSEE/SOUTHEAST: GWM, 53, 5'-8", 160#, brown/balding, blue, moustache, hairy, healthy, nonsmoker, non drug user, masculine, outgoing. Interests include camping, music, travel, hiking. Seeking friends, possible monogamous relationship. Will answer all. Pluses are short stature, slight build, Asian, Latino, Native American, Gr/P, but not absolutely necessary. Write: **CLAYMORE.**

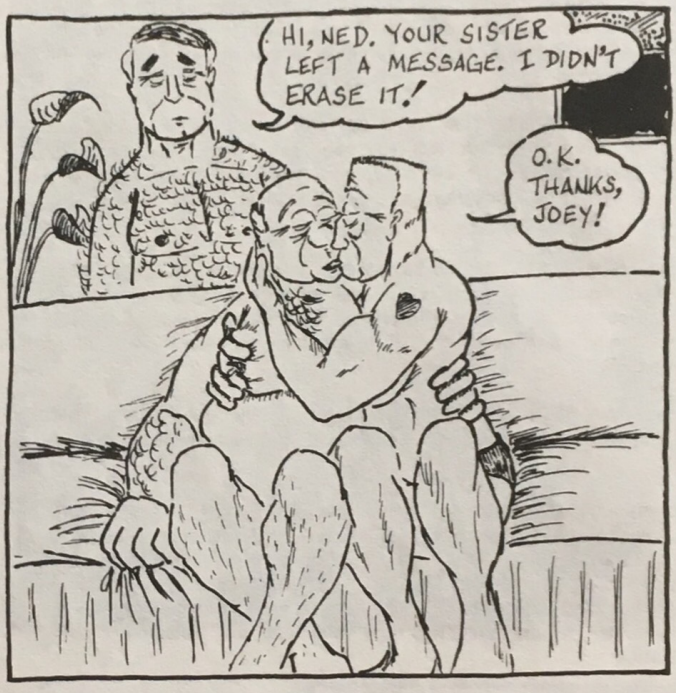
TEXAS

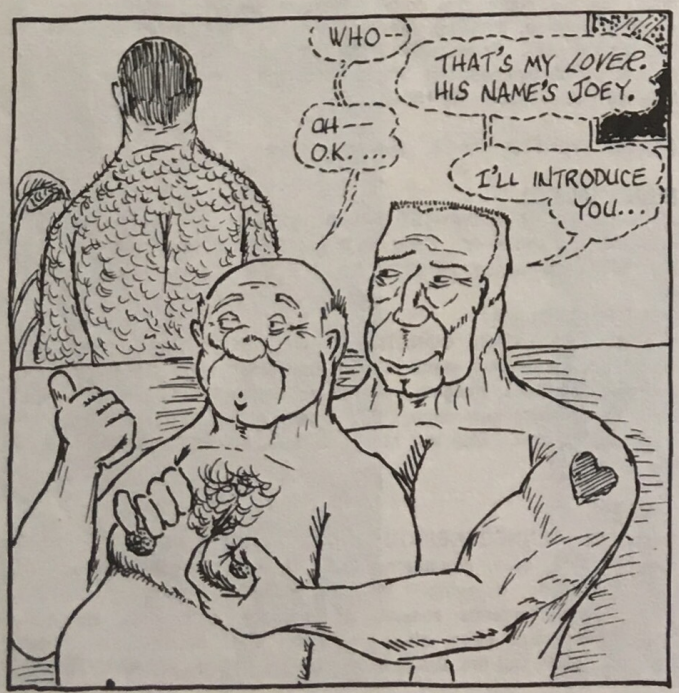
(L-10/89) COASTAL BEND TEXAS/NATIONWIDE: GWM, a young 72, 5'-6", 168#, retiree with young erotic fantasies. Fr A/P, Gr P, uncut with deep throat and a tit manipulator. In love, age, race, creed or shape are

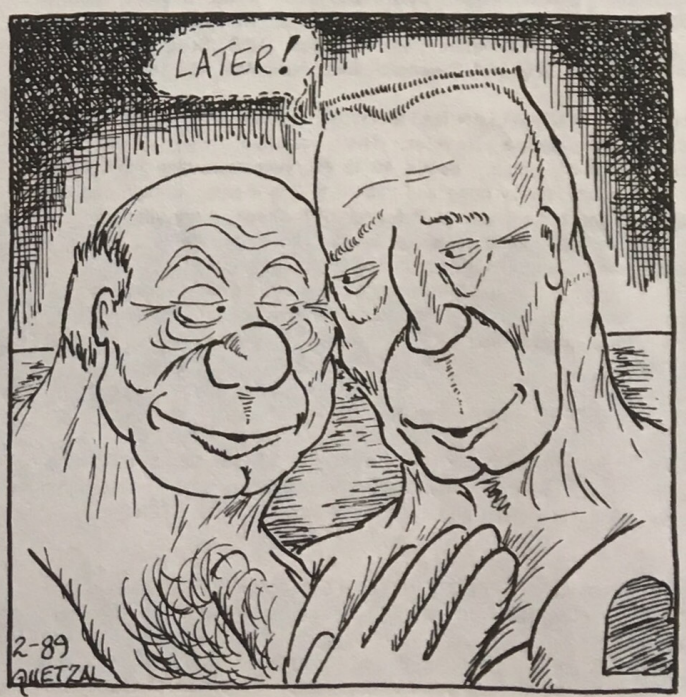
CONTINUED FROM LAST ISSUE

GOLDEN GOODIES

by QUETZAL '89







CONTINUED IN NEXT ISSUE

no factors with me. I love them all. Write: Paul L. Logan, 6838 Everhart, No. 1205, Corpus Christi, TX 78413.

(T-6/90) COWTOWN COWBOY: White, blue, brown/gray, 54, 5'-11", 185#, businessman, horseman, masculine, weightlifter, HIV negative; likes white, over 40, masculine goodnatured buddy. Must be in good physical shape and clean. Not looking for lifemate but want to meet lots of new friends. I like sports, country-western big bands, classical, travel and good conversation. All replies answered. Those with phone/photo get extra quick service. Truckers, travelers welcome. Write: **BULLFROG**.

(B-6/90) NORTH TEXAS: GWM, 43, stocky, nice looking, French only or J/O with masculine men late 50s up--no limit! Especially like white hair and/or moustaches or beards. Live with 80 year old lover--three ways fun too! Dallas-Ft. Worth area or travelers to Dallas. Both HIV negative. Love theater, good restaurants, congenial friends. Non smokers--social drinkers. Write: Jim Bennett, 1705 E. Collins Blvd., Richardson, TX 75081.

(T-12/89) NEW TO SAN ANTONIO: GWM, 32, 6'-1", 250#, beard, moustache, greying hair, large man all over, cut, versatile. Seeks masculine top, over 40, husky/beefy/stocky, friendly, loving and happy. Prefer hairy, well-hung, local man. Share/show me the area and enjoy each other. Mail welcomed. Photo appreciated. Write: Mr. L.T., Suite 227, 14074 Nacogdoches, San Antonio, TX 78247.

UTAH

(C-10/90) SILVER BEAR: GWM, 67, 5'-11", 185#, silver crew cut hair and crop beard, salt/pepper stache, hairy, beer belly, 6-1/2 X fat 5-1/2 inches, SWAN/CHIRON RISING model. Welcum mat out for 21 to? Love to share the pleasures of the male body. Photo exchange for this hot, horny, hairy dude. Write: **GULL**

VIRGINIA

(M-10/89) TIDEWATER AREA: GWM, 48, 5'-9", 200, husky, very masculine with beer belly, would love to rub bellies or whatever with men, 40+, 250+. Am looking for fun, not a relationship and am into lite S & M and tit play. Your nude photo gets mine. See my photo on page 59 of the August issue. Write: **SPITFIRE**

WASHINGTON

(B-12/89) SEATTLE AREA/NATIONWIDE: GWM, 47, 5'-10", 180#, husky, friendly, amorous, bearish, would like to tangle moustaches with a man of similar attributes in my age bracket (40-60). John Breadstill,1605 - 12th Ave. #30, Seattle, WA 98122, (206) 322-3820. NATIONWIDE: Send me a letter containing your sexual fantasies illustrated with nude photos and I'll reciprocate with story/nude photos.

(A-12/89) NORTHWEST WASHINGTON/NATIONWIDE: GWM, 61, 5'-11", 180#, soon to retire, would like companion to do some traveling with, 55 to 65. Enjoy 69, J/O, A/P French and nudism. Non Smoker. Your nude photo gets mine in return. Write: **COMPANION.**

(L-10/89) I WANT TO CARE....BE LOVED! I'm 65, feel 39. I like having fun, including traveling, doing things together! Drinking and having fun with friends is okay. I'm interested in a young man who has had at least one lover and is looking for a great relationship, home and love. Please write to: **BLJ.**

(M-2/90) BEARS ARE BEST: W/M, 6', 190#, 35, short brown hair (mostly bald), beard, glasses, fairly furry, professor type. Seeks affable silver bears, all regions. Must have beard or mustache. Prefer Husky/heavyset, quiet, independent. Write: Andy, P.O. Box 85338, Seattle, WA 98145-1338.

(C-10/89) WASHINGTON STATE: GWM, 67, 5'-9", 170#, seeks active Greek men who enjoy giving anal pleasures. Will host visitors at my place. I cannot travel. Write: Frank, P.O. Box 110772, Tacoma, WA 98411.

(M-10/89) SEATTLE: Masculine, sensual, furry bear, 44, 6', 290#, dark hair, moustache, hazel eyes that see humor in life. Smoke and drug free. Light drinker. Enjoy music, films, theatre, dining out or in, ocean visits in winter, shared experience with masculine, stable, honest, caring man, 21-50, 140-240#. Photo gets mine. Write: Ed, P.O. Box 7114, Seattle, WA 98133.

WEST VIRGINIA

(J-6/90) DEEP IN RURAL AMERICA: Lonely farmer, 40, brown/brown, beard, 190#, orally attracted to 30 thru 85+. Looks, physical condition and cock size are unimportant. Friends and partners wanted. Mid-morn phone calls only. Write: Chuck Jackson, R-83, Box 68, Ellenboro, WV 26346.

INTERNATIONAL

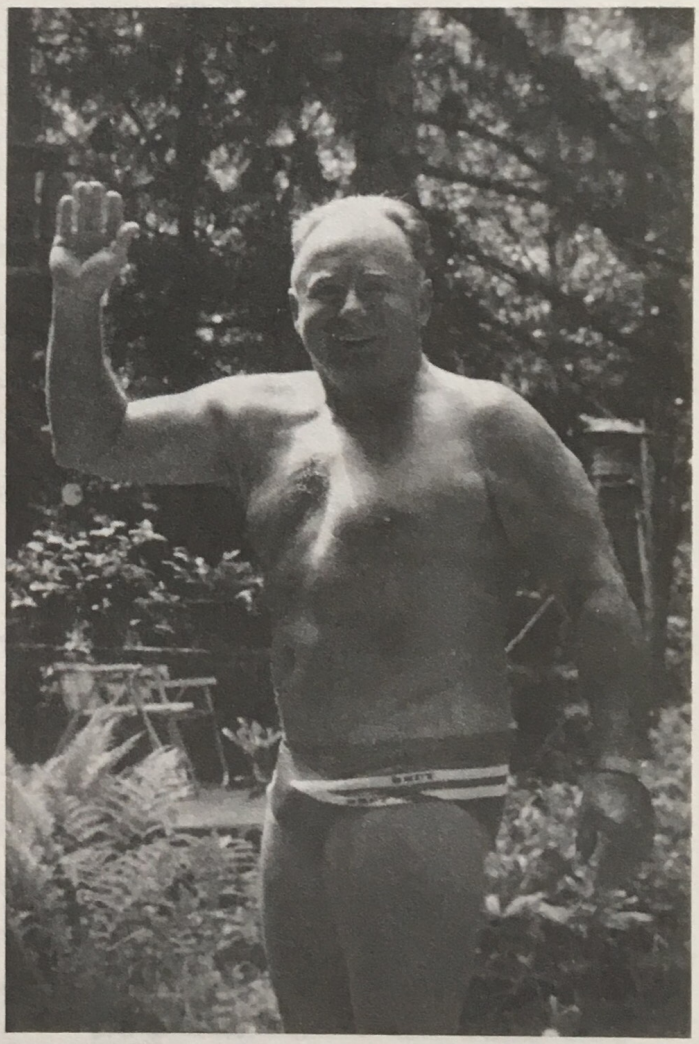
(NOTE: International ads with codewords require 45 cents per 1/2 oz on letter to be forwarded)

(B-10/89) PAPUA NEW GUINEA: Good looking Black, 20, seeks mature pen pals all over the world. I love listening and making music, photography, athletics, weight training, traveling and meeting friends. I am an artist of traditional New Guinean erotic drawings. Write: **BAIZA**.

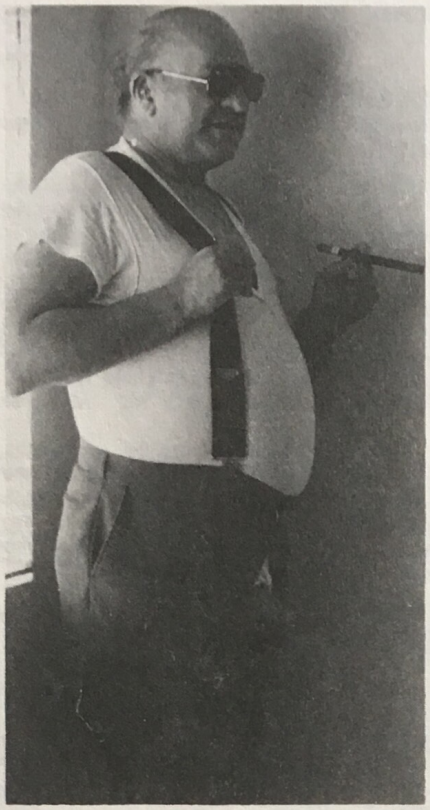
(V-6/90) INDEPENDENT YOUNG MAN: 33, 5'-8", 160#, enjoys cycling, swimming, tennis, moderate drinker/smoker. Would like to hear from men 40+ with hairy body and big balls, prefer a manly type not afraid to get his hands dirty. Send letter with photo to Frank, 31 Alexander St. #419, Toronto, Ontario, CANADA, M4Y 1B2. All replies answered.

(B-12/89) FRANCE: Ethnologist, gentle, sentimental, 43, 5'-7", 143#, would like to know a gentleman over 70 years old (the older the better), grandpa type, white hair or bald, with big belly (not hairy), affectionate, loyal. I wish correspondence, exchange of photos, and (if in agreement) mutual visits for a real friendship. I like classical music, painting, and, naturally, good cooking! Write: **PHILPARIS**.

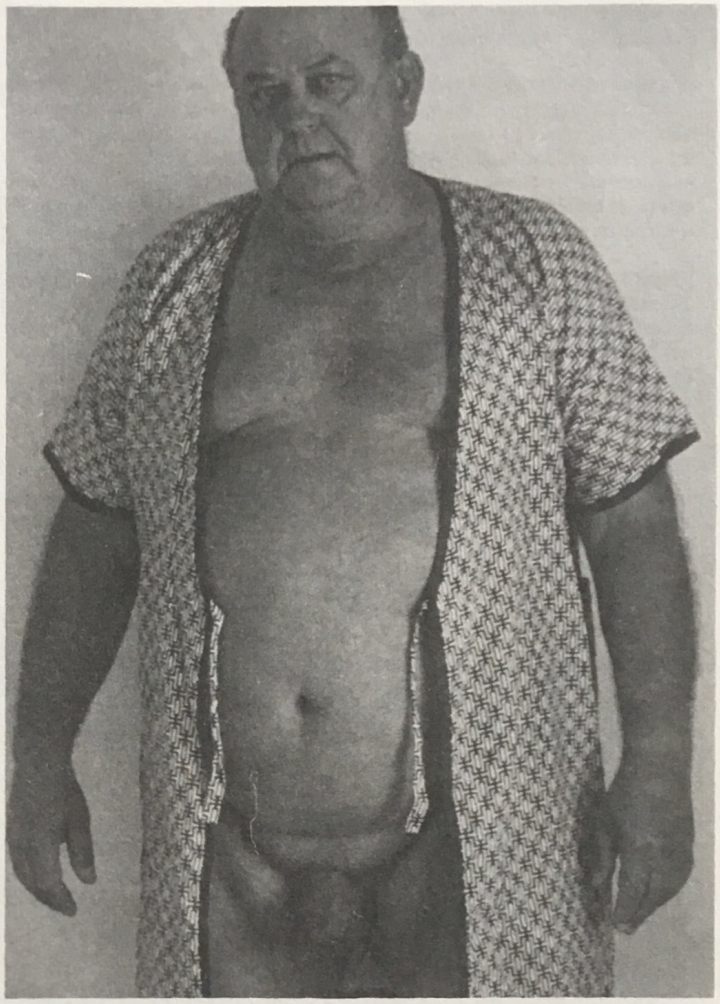
(B-10/89) PARIS FRENCHMAN: 45, 5'-9", 198#, athletic, oil painter, good sense of humor, employed in public finance. I love the country, reflection, chubby grandfathers. Seek lover/pen pal, 60 to 80, plump, even big, graceful, cultured--a Francophile who will help me with my English. You speak French, perhaps? Exchange photos (or good photocopies), feelings, perhaps visit. Write with photos to: Gerard Bouscary, 119 rue d'Avron, 75020- Paris, FRANCE (See photo in October 89 issue).



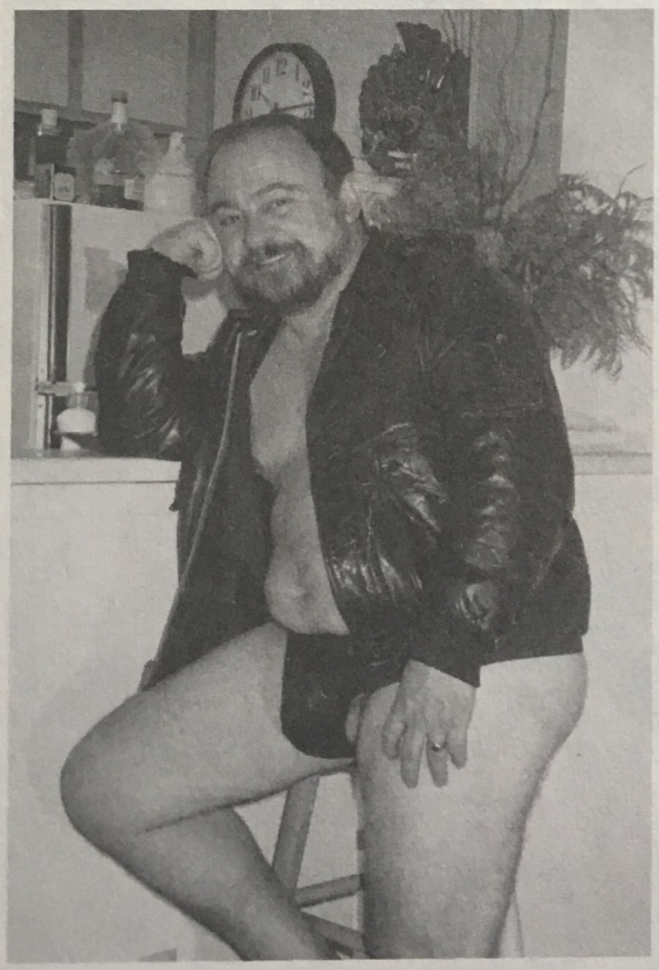
EX-LOGGER....photo by JOHN



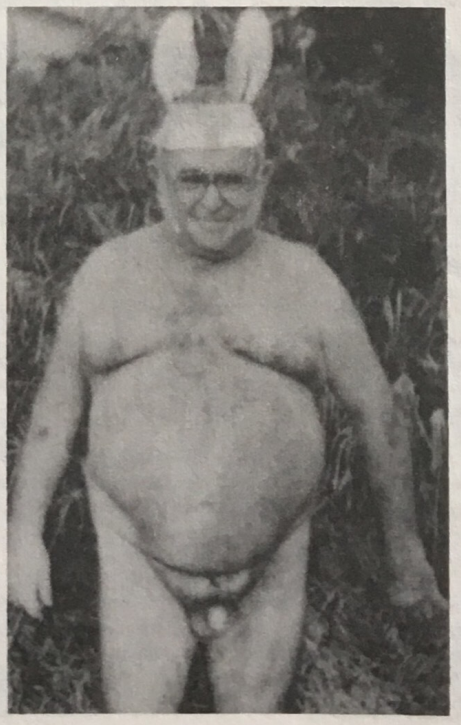
BUFORD....photo by P.H. COLLEY



KONDOH....photo by P.H. COLLEY



URSUS MINOR....photo by AARON



THE WILD HARE....photo by PAUL DUDLEY

THE HANDS OF JESUS

by Marsh Cassady

Both of them are dead now. Whit and Courtney. But I met them at the same time, at Whit's house. At a meeting of the gay father's group.

Afterward when Joel was gone for a few days, I called Courtney and asked him out for a cup of coffee.

"I have a better idea," he said. "Why don't you come over to my house, and I'll brew a pot?"

I hesitated. "Oh, don't be afraid," he said. "I know Joel's out of town, and you just want to talk."

I laughed. "I guess you read me pretty well."

I was new to San Diego and had a hell of a time finding his place, out in Sunset Cliffs, a block from the water, a little house off an alley. I must have driven around for an hour before I found it.

"Think nothing of it," Courtney said. "I've been lost myself many times. The trouble is the city sprawls all over the place. Not like New York where the streets form squares, and it would take a real dummy to get lost."

"You're from New York?" I asked.

"Yes. I lived in the Village, and before that Long Island."

When I was growing up, the girl next door had a playhouse. Courtney's house was no bigger than that. Filled with dozens and dozens of green plants--on the floor, on end tables, on window sills, hanging from the ceiling, it smelled of must and damp earth. I wondered how he stood it.

"Sit down," he said, motioning me to a sagging sofa, covered with a tattered grey blanket. The street light on the corner cast a pale glow through the window. Waves smashed against the shore.

"It ain't much, but it's home," Courtney said, his tone self-deprecating.

Again he seemed to read my thoughts, making me flustered. "No," I protested. "It's nice. It's--"

Courtney pulled out a straight-backed chair, the varnish gone in spots, from the small table in the dining room. He turned the chair around, straddled it, sat facing me. "It's all I can afford. But who needs more?" He shrugged. "Coffee's brewing," he said.

I felt ill at ease, wished I hadn't come. But it was my first separation from Joel who'd gone East on business. And I missed him. The kids were at home, Robin and Seth, but they weren't any company. All they did was lie on their beds, doors closed, listening to the throbbing beat of rock bands with nonsensical names.

"So tell me about yourself," Courtney said.

Again the directness startled me. "Not much to tell. I'm a writer, used to be a teacher. Of course, I have kids. You know that . . . since we met at the father's group, I mean."

"What about your kids?"

"Robin and Seth?"

He nodded.

"Teenagers. Robin's a ninth grader, Seth a junior. It doesn't seem possible. I mean Pam's--my wife's--been dead now four years."

"You never came out while she was alive?"

"Came out? You mean--"

"Admitted you're a queer."

I felt my face flush hot. "No. Well, just to myself."

"And Joel's your first lover."

"Sort of. There was this other guy, but nothing serious. How about you?"

"One daughter, nearly thirty. I'm an old man. Fifty-six."

"That's not--"

"Old? Maybe not. It feels that way. It's been rough." He stood up. "Coffee's done."

I heard the clatter of dishes and silverware. In a moment he offered me a cup from the silver tray--a delicate cup, an egg shell with a handle, white, with tiny roses around the rim.

"It was my mother's," he said. "So was the tray and the service."

I took the cup, refused the cream and sugar, held the coffee awkwardly on my lap.

"Know anything about fisting?" Courtney asked as he scooted back a couple of flower pots, making room for the tray on a water-stained table.

"Fisting?"

"Yeah, you know."

"Not really," I said.

"It's the only thing--well, the only thing that works for me. You understand?" He released a pent-up breath. "Sometimes I wish . . ." Again he sighed. "I have an ad in the local gay rag. Guys call and come over. I go to the baths here and in L.A. That's where I met Whit."

"Whit?"

He laughed. "I can tell this is all new to you. Would you like me to tell you about it?"

I somehow couldn't fathom that sort of thing happening. But Courtney convinced me, about how it sometimes made him so ill he couldn't move till the nausea abated, how he carried a can of crisco wherever he went. At least he had when he owned a car. All he had was a bike now.

"Doesn't fit the image, does it?" he asked, and I wasn't sure what he meant--the bike or the fisting. I didn't answer.

"I've had guys in up to their armpits," he said, "the hair tickling my ass."

I'd been sort of attracted to Courtney, in a hands-off kind of way. He was my type, hairy-chested, eleven or twelve years older, masculine with a neatly-trimmed beard, as white as the hair on his chest or his head. It was only a fantasy. Now not even that; I viewed him differently as a result of what he'd said, as something apart.

I don't mean I judged; I hope I didn't. But he told me about all these things I'd rarely heard mentioned before. I was a guy who'd gone from a conventional type marriage into a conventional gay relationship.

We talked for a couple of hours, or rather Courtney did. I mostly listened. We needed each other that evening because we both were lonely. After that he needed me more than I needed him.

I resented his calls, always at the times it seemed I was busiest. It got so I hated to answer the phone. If it was Courtney, I knew I'd be stuck for an hour.

He'd lost another job--he had dyslexia and had problems with the simplest written directions. Another relationship had turned sour.

He called me one day to tell me about a guy he met at the baths. "Both of us were looking for someone," he said. "We're tired of all the anonymity. And best of all he's a born-again Christian. Like I am."

"A born-again Christian?" I asked, my mind three-quarters occupied with the chapter I'd been writing.

"He goes to MCC, just like me. We were both raised Baptists."

"I didn't know--"

"I try not to force it on people. I don't think it has to be shoved down anyone's throat."

"Look, Courtney," I said.

"I know. I called at a bad time. But I'm so happy, I needed to share it with someone. I tried to call Whit, but he's not home."

I tried to sound interested, enthusiastic. "What about this other guy? What's his name? What's he like?"

"Hank. His name's Hank. He's a big guy, bulging with muscles. Maybe ten years older than me. And here's the great part. I've never fisted before, never been able to. Psychologically. You know what I mean?"

I sighed, I hoped inaudibly. "You told me. That night at your house."

"I was always afraid. Afraid I'd hurt someone. But after he-- I mean later he asked me to try. Back at his apartment. He had a pair of rubber gloves, and-- Anyhow, I started to think about it. About how much he means to me. How much we're alike. In what we want from life, in both being Christians. And I thought: I can do it. I can do what he wants. All I have to remember is that these

hands of mine, when I touch him, they're, after all, Jesus' hands. And so everything was okay. You see?"

"What! I mean--"

"You think I'm crazy, that there's something wrong with someone like me."

"Ah, Courtney, I'm sorry. I didn't mean--." The more I said, the worse it sounded.

"Okay, Bill, I don't blame you. Years ago, when Sally and I were together-- It's gone, that life's all gone." I heard him gently replace the receiver.

Shortly after that I heard that Whit had AIDS, the first person I knew to contract it. He didn't fit the profile. He was in his mid-fifties, but, like Courtney, he was in the high risk group because of his activities. I wondered how long it would be till I heard that Courtney had AIDS, as well.

As if by the same sort of telepathy with which he seemed to sense my thoughts when we were together, Courtney now called.

"Bill?"

"Courtney, how are you? It's good to hear your voice."

"I-- I wanted to call, but I didn't know--"

"I'm glad you did. I've thought a lot about you. Wondered how you were doing. Wondered about you and Hank."

"It's over," he said. "All done with."

"I'm sorry."

"Don't be. It was wonderful while it lasted, but he wasn't into monogamy. He thought he was, but he wasn't."

"You know I wouldn't have wanted this to happen."

He laughed softly. "I know that. That's why I called. You're someone I can trust."

We talked about his new job, on an assembly line at a box company, about my latest book. Finally, he said: "You know, I'm worried. I haven't been able to get in touch with Whit. I think he didn't want me calling so often. I think he felt I was taking up too much of his time. So I let it go for awhile. But I've been trying his number . . ."

"Oh, God, Courtney, I know what good friends you were."

"What?"

"He . . . he died."

"I didn't know. Nobody told me." His voice broke. "When? What?"

"AIDS, Courtney. He'd known for almost a year."

"It's been that long? Oh, dear God."

***

That's the last time I talked to him. Busy with my work, I knew I should call but kept putting it off.

Joel and I went to see the Quilt when it came to San Diego. We split up, went separate ways up and down the aisles. I saw a friend; we talked quietly. I spied Joel across the big hall. We waved; I headed toward him, looking at the names on the panels. And there it was. Courtney Willis. I felt like someone had punched me hard. I went to get Joel, led him to the panel.

On the front wall were notices and write-ups. Someone had written a tribute to Courtney and posted it there. "Courtney Willis," it said. "Fifty-nine years old. One of the gentlest men we've ever known." On down it said: "Courtney felt it strongly when anyone died of AIDS. Once he remarked: 'I wish I'd get AIDS too. So many of my friends have died, I want to be with them in heaven.'"

Courtney, I thought, if what you believe is true, maybe now like Hank, you've been touched by the hands of Jesus.

AFFILIATED BIGMEN'S CLUBS

584 Castro St.
Suite 139 S
San Francisco, CA 94114

For information about nationwide member clubs for chubby, heavy gay men and their admirers, write to the above.

COURT JESTER IN DISGUISE FOR MARDI GRAS....photo by KENT JUSTICE

COURT JESTER is 59 and the partner of WARLOCK. When he's not busy keeping the WARLOCK happy, you will find him writing, flying his own plane, playing tournament Bridge, or behind a camera.

[Editor's Note: It was COURT JESTER who took the photo of WOODY AND SEAN in the Aug 89 issue, not KENT JUSTICE. Our apologies.]

POSITIVE IMAGE

Nationwide correspondence/contact club for men who are HIV+, have ARC or AIDS and those who want to communicate with them. Send SASE for free information.

PI/CR, P.O. B. 1501, Pomona, CA 91769

XYLOPHANG

I don't know where *C-R* found this guy SILVERFINCH ("To Hell With Gaymain," June-July 89), but I think we should vote him into office if he ever decides to go public. I'd much rather call myself a "SEVO" (sexually evolved homosexual, bisexual or 3/4 heterosexual) than a (groan)..... "Gay." According to our over worked editor, C-R's mail in response to SILVERFINCH's article has been remarkable. Incredibly, 100% of the responders praised it and offered their own indictment of the gay mainstream press. I saw that even the iconoclast editor of *TRASH* Magazine was impressed with it--enough to devote an entire page reprinting it! Somehow, I get the feeling that the article exposed a raw nerve. Who knows, perhaps it might have spawned a new movement.

It should be obvious to all of you that many in the homosexual and bisexual communities--possibly a majority-- feel that they are not represented in the gay mainstream. Hell, according to an article in one of the larger rags, most homosexual and bisexual men don't even read gay newsmagazines.

Virtually all gay publications push clone beef cake *ad nauseum* and interview or feature a prevalence of what the average SEVO would call "fringe" types. Their cartoons are big on fairies and affected behavior and their news is limited to gay legislation watching, AIDS and the latest "fag bash" outrage. Half way through any mainstream magazine, you'll find the first of a seemingly endless array of ads for phone sex, toys, hustlers and videos. Some of the more chic (read: pretentious) East Coast publications like to think they're gay versions of *NEW YORKER* or *NEW YORK TIMES*. They feature the latest darling of the gay literati set and gush on about things most New Yorkers don't even comprehend.

Bisexuals can identify with an occasional ad, but that's about it. Closeted SEVOS are so vilified that it's a wonder they don't psychosomatically develop leprosy and rot. Heavyweights are openly derided and passed off as freaks. One needn't peruse America's gay rags very long to find that older homosexual men are not seriously part of the target audience. As a matter of fact, they are the most insidiously abused, because they are rather feared. That's why you find the rare token article about older homosexual men who've made great contributions to society..... provided they're activists, of course and "out."

About the only major newsmagazine that seems to sincerely care about older readers is *The ADVOCATE*. They published an article about *SWAN* (*C-R*'s predecessor) last year, and they occasionally feature a piece on famous seniors like Lou Harrison, Morris Kight and John McNeill. They even did a big article on Girth & Mirth. On the other hand, they never published a planned article about PRIME TIMERS and Woody Baldwin, and the article about *SWAN* was half-assed in my opinion (apparently not shared by Pat Colley, who was too busy being grateful that the magazine was even featured in the first place). I was disappointed that the article was superficial and failed to take an in-depth look at the most important factors: the dignity C-R brings to senior men, the contact opportunities, the fact that two men with no experience put out a magazine it would normally take 10 men to handle (I'm a publisher, by the way).

Up until recently, I thought that activism was the only way to go. But as Kenn Richie so aptly points out (Aug 89), there's some questionable activity going on out there. Every day, it seems, I get yet another request for money from yet another activist group. Activism isn't what it used to be and I wonder how much of it is designed to make a select few rich. Are we being conditioned to stop and write out a check upon hearing the latest threat from some loudmouth homophobic Congressman or fundamentalist? Even though I'm closeted, I tried to function within the gay mainstream, but I have become increasingly more frustrated and disgusted. All I see is more and more hateful backlash resulting from the "graffiti activism" of this new breed of "gay liberator." I am convinced now that we are going backwards, and that the world should be made aware of the fact that what people see is not what we are. Most gay publications today are just not presenting the clear picture.

I don't want to read about some queen being arrested for blocking traffic at an ACT UP sit in, or how a new gay play (that no one can fathom) is just "to die for, my dear," or that J.D. Snodgrass has just been named co-chair of the A.R.D.F.P.A.Z. Instead, give me stories about the bravery of those men exposed and almost destroyed during the homophobic frenzy of the 50s and 60s. Present to me fiery commentary like that of SILVERFINCH. Let me read CHIRON RISING's upcoming profile of two famous seniors, both prisoners-of-war during WWII. One had to stand at attention as an S.S. officer calmly walked down the ranks with a machine gun, killing anyone who looked Jewish. The other was tortured with starvation and the constant threat of death as the S.S. vainly attempted to bleed him of military secrets. Let me read the biographies of great men like Woody Baldwin and Ken Gould of PRIME TIMERS and how they've expelled loneliness from hundreds of lives. Tell me the story of SOLILOQUY, who wrote the book on dedication to a loved one. Show me the obituary of my friend, WHIPPOORWILL, who died of a heart attack under just as tragic conditions as those dying of AIDS. Allow me the stunning image of LUST incarnate etched upon the face of a RAM subject. Save me from a fate worse than death and keep *CHIRON RISING* alive.

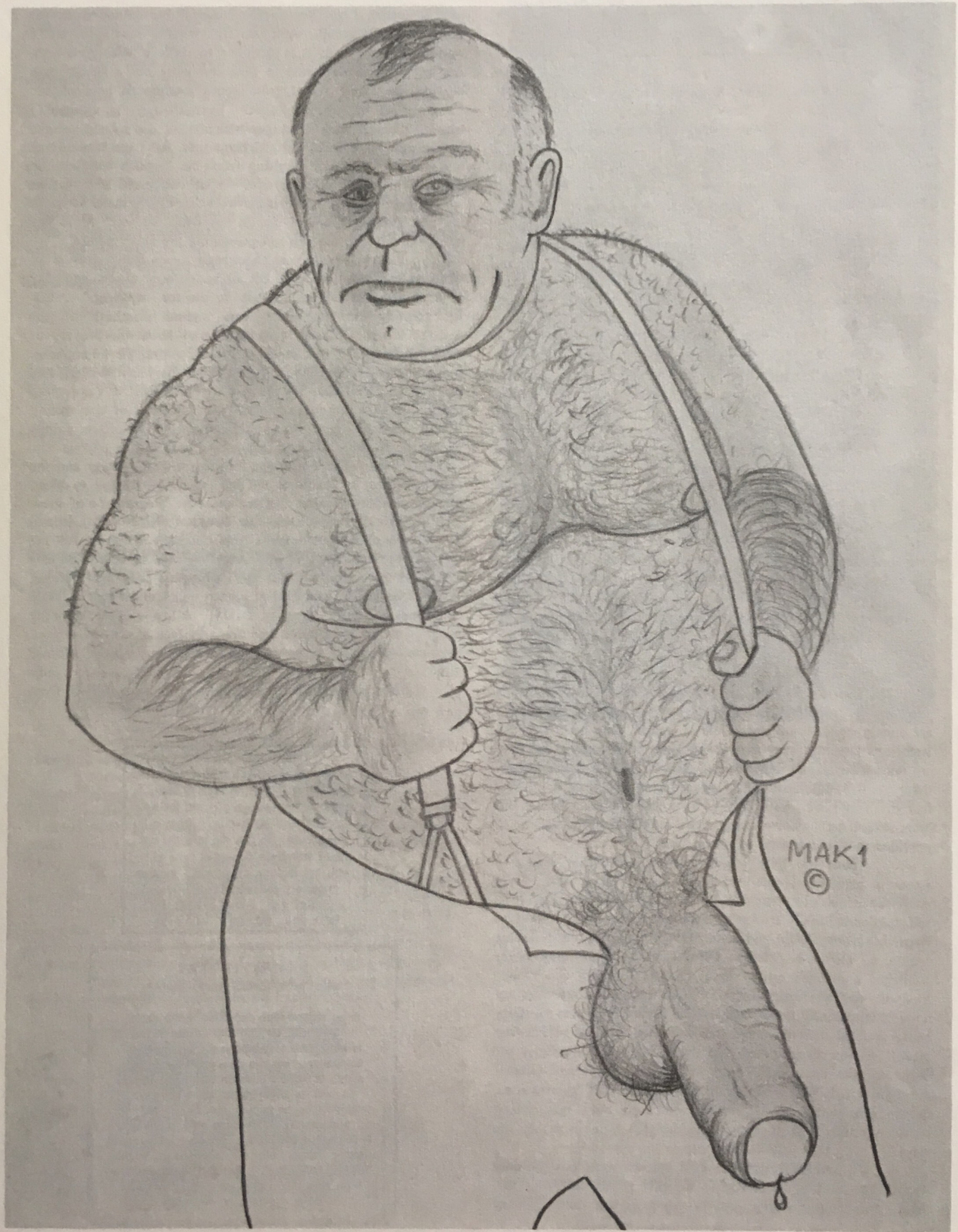
And, if you don't mind, please call me a *SEVO* from now on.

* * * * * * * *

THE FINAL CLOSET
is opening as SMALL ETC. comes out. If you are "small" in size or height, or like those who are, send for free application and excerpts from our newsletter. In our classifieds, we have members throughout the U.S. who are looking for others. Include a stamped, self-addressed envelope and mail it to: **SMALL ETC.** P.O. BOX 294 , BAYSIDE, NY 11361

PRIME TIMERS
New York Metro Area Chapter

is an organization dedicated to the social, intellectual, cultural and sexual needs of older Gay & Bi men and their admirers. Socials are held two weekend afternoons a month at Sloan House on West 34th Street, as well as a variety of other activities, including house parties, theatre groups, rap groups, day or weekend trips, games, dining out, nude parties, massage workshops, video parties, etc. For information, write: PRIME TIMERS, P.O. Box 291, Midtown Sta., New York, NY 10018, or call: (201) 592-6690 evenings or weekends.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LEGAL EAGLE

MORE THOUGHTS ON THE SEX WITH MINORS ISSUE

For those of us who are attracted to young people, and especially those who are attracted to those under 18 at a time when it has become a federal crime to express such feelings, it helps to sit back and ponder some of the varied aspects of such relationships.

Recently in Palm Springs, a remarkable gay entertainment duo, Romanovsky and Phillips, led off the "Gay Pride Celebration In The Desert." Their performance featured most of their songs from a recent record/tape release, "Emotional Rollercoaster," * one of the most poignant songs of which is titled, "Family Of Lovers," but is memorably stored in my mind as "Were You Robbing The Cradle?" That song points out some of the very real benefits rendered to youths from a relationship between older guys and young men, which so many of us feel is a one-sided relationship in which the older takes "advantage" of the younger's naivete.

Ron Romanovsky, who wrote both the music and lyrics, dedicates the song, "To Jay, whom I forgot to thank, and to the previous generation of gay and lesbian people for making my life a little easier."

Were you robbing the cradle?
Or was I robbing the rocking chair?
All I know is that I'm grateful
*and glad that you were there**

Detailing the jaded world in which he grew up, where his family was "unaware" of his need to feel accepted, Ron details his appreciation to the older man whose home was an oasis; and his appreciation for having saved him from self-hatred, confusion, doubt and pain.

Summing up, Romanovsky emphasizes in his song:

I'm not the first one to suffer
and I'm probably not the last
but I'm here to change the future
*cause I can't forget the past **

Romanovsky's song makes the point vividly that the man/boy relationship is one of mutual benefit:

It was you who helped me to grow up
while I helped you stay young

Though the *federales* won't recognize it, a relationship between an older guy and a young man can be beneficial to both, and, when based on mutual desire and mutual agreement, with no force or pressure, it appears to me that it is wrong for legal involvement.

I don't want to use this column to "push" the "Man/Boy" love issue. That is one so highly charged that many people can't rationally discuss it. But I did want to make the point that, as with so many laws regulating or attempting to control "morality," we often overlook the mutual benefits enjoyed by the participants. We also tend to forget the benefits realized by society itself in having someone address the needs of those with whom society feels most uncomfortable in dealing. The young gay guy, in almost every town in American, dares not talk to his high school counsellor, his own doctor, his coach, his teachers, his pastor, or even his peers. Finding a neighbor who can provide the "oasis" and the explanation to save him from "self-hatred, confusion, doubt and pain" * serves not only the boy's best interest, but also those of society at large.

As we think of society's attitude toward ourselves and our loved ones, and the need to protect ourselves, let us also think of those most in need of protection in a different light --the needs of our young people to get the knowledge to avoid self-hatred, and to avoid the confusion, doubt and pain. They, too, may well be "grateful," and "glad that you were there."

For those who are not familiar with Romanovsky and Phillips, I urge that you try the tape, "Emotional Rollercoaster," *(c) Fresh Fruit Records, P.O. Box 4418, Berkeley, CA 94704, available at many adult book stores, among other places. Not only is "Family Of Lovers" memorable, but "Living With AIDS" and "The Sodomy Song" are also delightful, thought-provoking songs, making the record well worth having.

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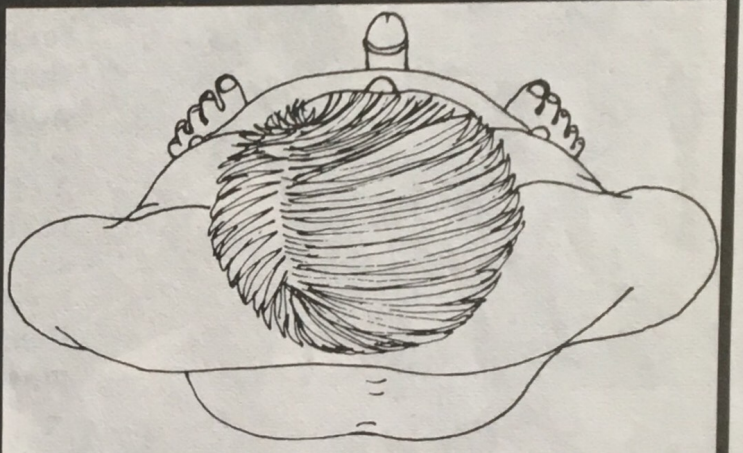

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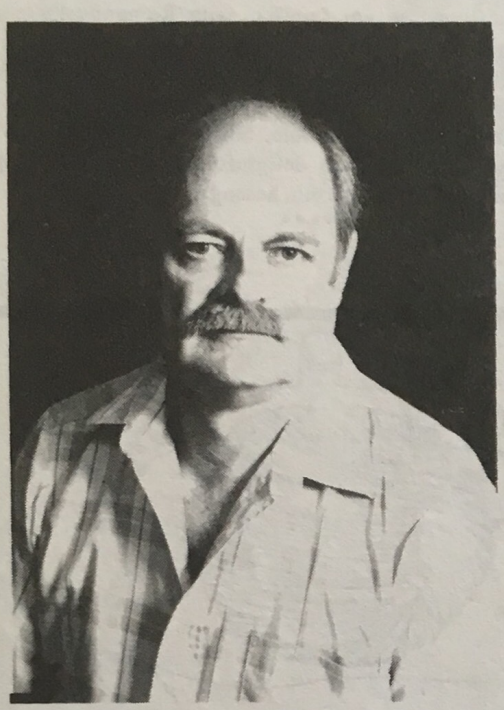

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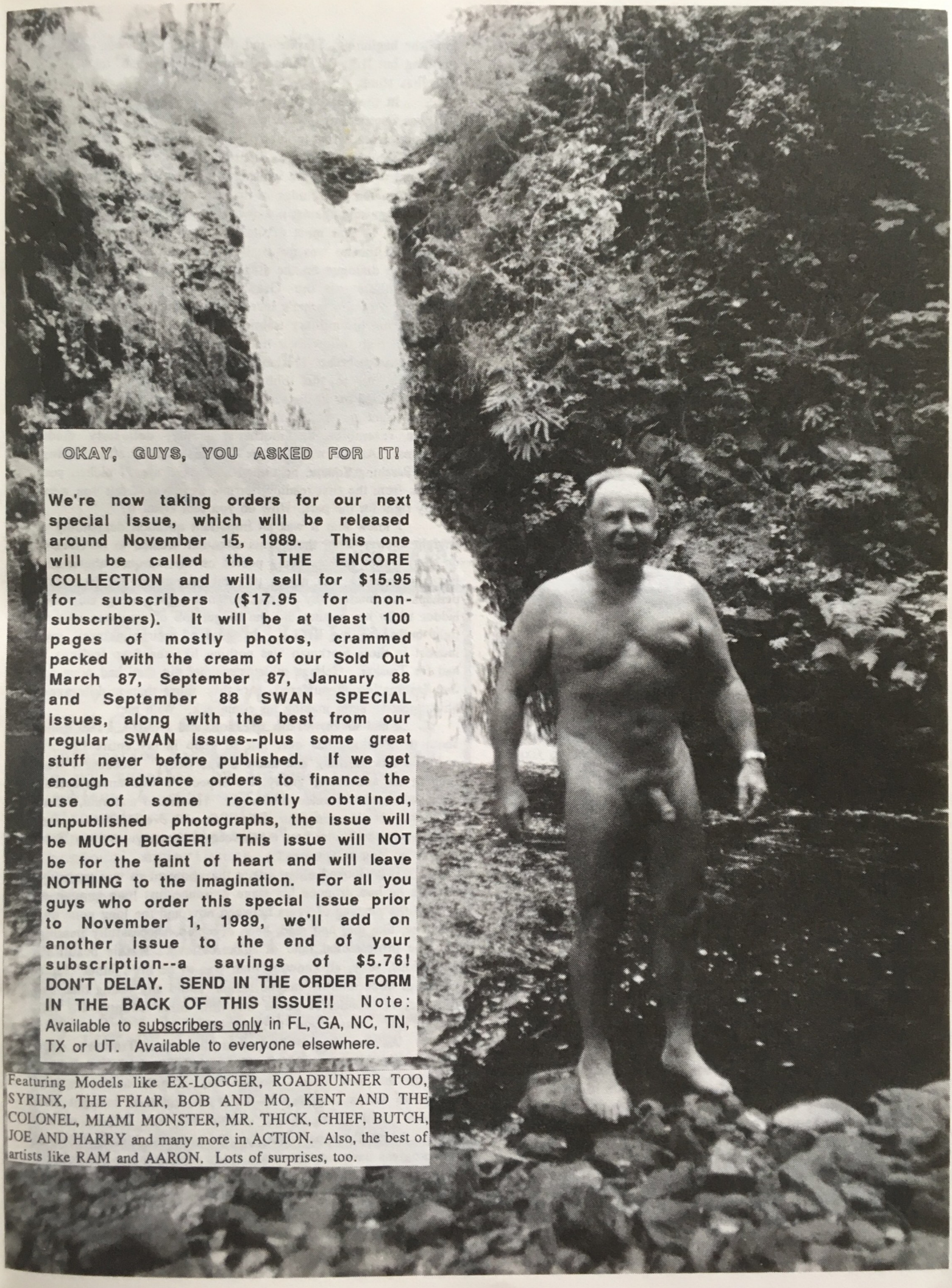

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BEST SUPPORTING ACTOR

by PUG SNIDER

I have never given a bad performance. If this sounds like boasting, all right, I have never given a *great* performance. Unless you count the one I gave in Evan Trasker's dressing-room ten minutes before the curtain went up. Now *that* was a memorable role--spell that "roll," or even skirmish--and I was barely nineteen. The old Biltmore Theatre is now a busy parking lot and Evan Trasker rests approximately fifty feet northeast of Tyrone Powers' well-tended mound.

Well-tended mound is a pun no red-blooded punster can refuse, so I cannot let it pass. Actually, it was such a feature which, even in the most carefully-tailored trousers, gave rise to such comment as "is that thing for *real?* " Having worshipped from the first row balcony, aided by high-power binoculars, I was never one of the doubters. My eyes detected nothing but that flagrant natural endowment encased in the gaudy cod-pieces demanded by his Shakespearian roles. Bulging calves, bulging crotch, arrogant cleft chin or, occasionally backside to the audience, muscular glutes, all spoke as eloquently as The Bard himself.

When it was announced that Evan Trasker was putting together a modern-day version of an antiquated Greek tragedy dealing with the calamitous, unnatural love of a father for his son, I mustered enough courage to go down and read for the part of the son, Billy. The first reading went badly. Seated inches away from the grand and commanding figure who seemed even more real in worn denims and sweat-stained jersey, I was stiff and spoke too rapidly. I was pretty certain that the part would go to the smarmy little nellie queen whose blond boyishness and letter-perfect reading made him a natural for the role opposite the lecherous old guy with a crazed passion for beautiful budding manhood. The kid cruised Trasker, bringing him coffee, always ready with the lighter, always positioning himself next to the Great One. He was fifteen or sixteen, exactly right for the too-pretty preppie called for in the script.

And here was I, nineteen going on middle-age practically, having to shave twice daily in order to hide a tendency to five o'clock shadow. With chest hair yet! I was considering a body-wax-job as the part contained a scene of partial nudity. I would have considered letting them chop off my head had they been casting *Salome.*

Within four days, all minor roles had been assigned. Pretty-boy was nowhere to be seen. Nor was he ever seen again, and I can only thank the good Lord who must have heard me praying for herpes or at least laryngitis. If you keep thinking "young," which I did, years can fall away. Fortunately, I was short and weighed not more than 125 pounds wringing wet. Short of putting braces on my teeth, I did everything possible to look fifteen. I threw away my cigarettes. Wore tennies. I relied on a stiff martini to give me courage but I was always careful to see that my breath was sweet as a baby's. I knew I had the part when Evan Trasker summoned me to a seat next to him in the third row out front. The theatre was dark and only one bare bulb illuminated the stage where there was a run-through going on.

"Billy, my boy. You're it," and his one arm rested casually across my shoulders while one hand covered my own sweaty hand clutching the chair arm. The original title, too hard to pronounce, had been changed to *Billy, My Boy* and, right from the beginning, Trasker--and the entire cast--never called me anything but Billy. I discarded my own name and, to this day, Billy has stuck.

In the darkened theatre, my rightful half of the chair arm was usurped by the larger bulk of the star. From toe to thigh and from wrist to elbow, I was hotly conscious of the man's closeness. Not to disturb the actors on stage, his occasional comments were whispered into my ear, his lips at my lobe, punctuated by a nudge in my ribs or the subtle pressure of sinewy leg muscle against my own expectant leg. We were both bare-legged, as was most of the cast, for it was well into July and the old theatre was not to be air-conditioned until opening night. The dialogue on the stage was an important part of act two, members of the Greek household discussing the development of the father's increasing fondness for the son just returned from his military training in Athens. Legs touching, I found it hard to follow their lines.

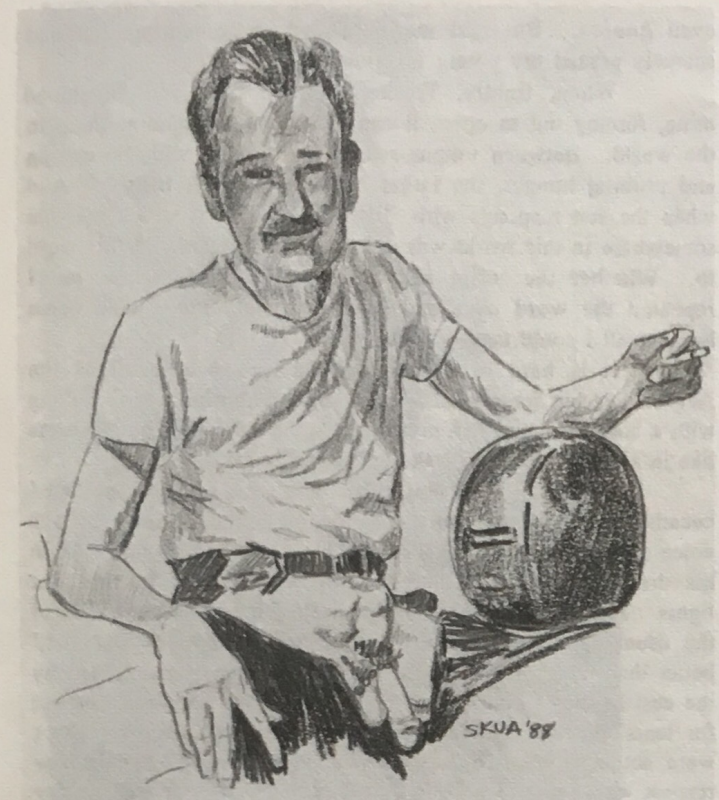
At the break, Trasker and I strolled to the back of the house and out to the lobby, arm in arm, not unlike the directions called for in the script. We made a strange "father and son" yet, right enough, as the author's description indicates that the son resembles his mother's people, delicately made Venetians. As we watched the late afternoon traffic turning toward Pershing Square, he turned and asked me, "I picked you because, from the first reading, terrible as it was, I felt you were exactly right for the part. How do *you* feel about it?"

I knew that it was an important question demanding a straight answer--even though his attention seemed to be riveted on the advance notices being posted on the marquee above us. For a moment I was just a tiny bit jealous of the fact that perhaps his interest lay in the muscular type posing atop the ladder while his partner did the bigger job of screwing in the light bulbs spelling BILLY. In spite of their hunkiness, my interest in these workmen was nothing like the deep feelings I had for Trasker. College athletes maybe, but they had none of the fascination I suffered for this more-than-middle-aged Shakespearian actor making his comeback. With me!

I had to answer his question, and I did: "I feel good about it. Nothing has ever felt so good in my entire life. I woke up this morning and knew I was Billy!" Because I was running on and being gushy, I stopped. I was embarrassed. Then, what he said made it all right. He smiled and said, "You are right. Nothing in your entire life will ever feel this good --ever again--no matter how much success comes your way. Hold it. For as long as you can."

If he looked older just at that moment, it was probably because he had dropped his stage presence just long enough to suggest the passage of years between now and the long gone day when he, like me, had read, been accepted, successfully passing into the professional land of make-believe. If this beautiful, mysterious, sexy, all-knowing man was to be my "father" for a period of three months--maybe longer--could any young man ask for a more wonderful guide into this other country we call THEATRE? I was a "son" to be envied.

As we stepped back into the foyer, Trasker's stage presence flashed on again. Smiles passed here and there helped to erase the tired lines. Being "on," if only to the various groups of actors lingering at the water fountain, brought into play the youth-giving magic granted the true Princes of the realm. I could not help but glow as envious glances followed our progress back into the auditorium. Inasmuch as the role of the "wife" was so minor (she being of frail health and retired to a villa), my own role truly entitled me to feel that Trasker and I were co-starring. And in the final scene, the whole show is thrown in my lap as I leave the house of father to return to the



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Venetians. What a plum!

We had several minutes before we were to run through a delicate bit of business not yet completely blocked in by our director. It comes in the middle of the last act and is the turning point in the plot. I was afraid of it and yet, I looked forward to it as it would test the whole chemistry of whatever there was between father and son. Trasker and me. Remember, this was in the days before audiences had become ho-hum about seeing two real men, tightly embraced, stripped to the belly-button, kissing full on the mouth.

Trasker sensed my nerves. Off to one side, he went through his own little private loosening-up, a special breathing, and deep knee bends accomplished with the slow grace of a Nureyev. "Smoke if you like," he offered, obviously aware that I am in reality a chain smoker. Clever enough to have early on spotted my two nicotined give-away fingers. "And while we're at it, better take a leak." There was a tiny closet containing a urinal at stage left. We retreated in here, three minutes to spare, me smoking my first cigarette since breakfast, the two of us producing a twin stream toward our shared trough, over which a sign was posted: DON'T STEAL THE SCENE. PISS QUIETLY! So I carefully matched Trasker's quiet stream as he eased out the last few drops with fondling strokes that caused his famous cock to harden and grow to what I had always imagined it might look like. His cutoffs had dropped to knee level, exposing those great, powerful thighs and the bull-sac that dangled between them. As if he had never witnessed this spectacle before, the man looked down, appraised the rock-hardness of the uncut meat, and then he spoke to it: "I hadn't planned on harnessing you into a jock strap, sir, and there isn't time enough to run back to the dressing room to get us one." And as he maneuvered this magnificent weaponry into some semblance of drawing room decorum, flat against his belly, he called attention to my own problem. I was having one hell of a time making everything fit into my little jock-briefs.

The long floor-length mirror attached to the inside of the closet door did not exactly assure either one of us that we were "decent" and ready for our big scene. One minute to go!

"Take it from an old hand, Billy, a good hard-on is a sure sign of a good performance. Limp dick, and sure as shooting you'll have a limp audience. I'll never forget a night in Cleveland...." but his story was cut off by the director's call.

I had supposed that the rest of the cast--all of whom had completed their scenes for that day--would have left the theatre. However, as expectant as first-nighters, the whole bunch were seated in the front row where the director was shushing them and waiting for Trasker to join me in what was supposed to be a garden overlooking the Aegean Sea. I felt his approach, rather than heard him. While my dick remained alert, it had settled into a reasonably respectable basket. Mercifully, my back was to the audience, but I wondered if my co-star's whopper was still in a state of gross, unbridled visibility. It seemed like two full minutes before he uttered my name. My body tensed, awaiting that first touching. Once I heard "Billy," I relaxed completely so that when it was my turn to ask, "Father?" I swung about, gathered strength and sureness from his warm smile and honest blue eyes and melted into his open arms. Yes, he still had his hard-on and it hit me just above my own knob pressing into my belly-button. Shorter than he by at least four inches, I burrowed out from his broad chest and let him tilt up my chin to position me for The Kiss. Had we rehearsed it before--and I am glad that we had not--there might have been an anticipatory awkwardness. The script calls for a first kiss. This *was* a first. In every way, believe me. At age nineteen I had kissed and been kissed by girls, aunts, my second grade teacher, even *uncles*. But real man-kissing was something that had scarcely grazed my young imagination.

When, finally, Trasker's lips opened and enveloped mine, forcing me to open, it came as the most natural thing in the world. Between tongue-searching mingled with lip-tracing and probing hunger, the father murmurs, "Billy, Billy." And when the son responds with, "Father, Father," it struck me that somewhere in this world was a father I had never said this word to. Whether the script called for it, I do not know, but I repeated the word over and over and tears must have come because all I could taste was salt.

It is hard to think of a theatre's back wall as the Aegean Sea but for a brief while I was swimming, carried along with a body stronger than my own, carried far out to quiet waters like in a dream I used to wake up with.

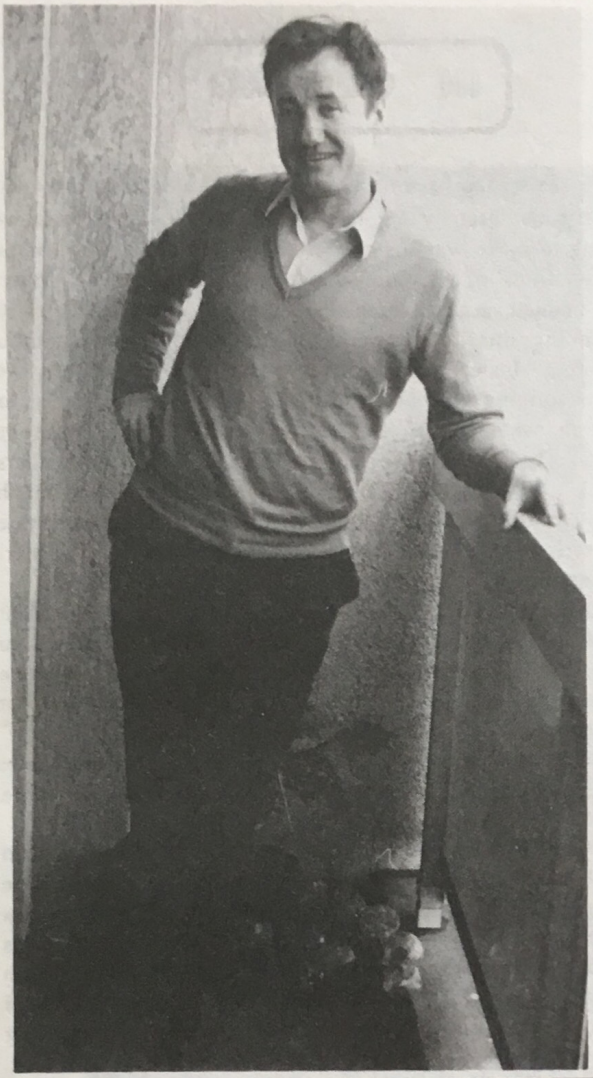
It was not until Trasker's strong arms released me that I became aware of the unnatural silence broken finally by the voice of the director: "That's it!" Trasker was halfway back to his dressing room and the director was already turning out lights. The real "feedback" made itself felt by the very lack of the usual chatter and fuss. Better than a salvo of "Bravos," better than mere clapping, was the slight distance maintained by the cast as they trooped back up onto the stage--as if in respect for tears that still blotched my face. Several of the members were actors well-seasoned in TV and the theatre. Their new respect was trying to tell me that they had just witnessed a very polished, professional piece of acting. I could have told them that what they had just witnessed was Love.

If the cast was in the dark, so was I. And after we opened--to an avalanche of rave reviews--night after night, audiences sat through that scene in stunned silence, sure that they were seeing great acting. My personal dilemma was this: Was Trasker's handling of the tragedy a testimony of the consummate skill of the master player? Would I ever know? Gayness--always rampant in the theatre--played no part in the strict discipline maintained in Trasker's company. A few of the wise ones have had their suspicions in regard to the off-stage hours of Evan Trasker and myself. Truth is, we shared not even so much as a cup of coffee. Trasker always had things to do and places to go--and a wife in Santa Barbara.

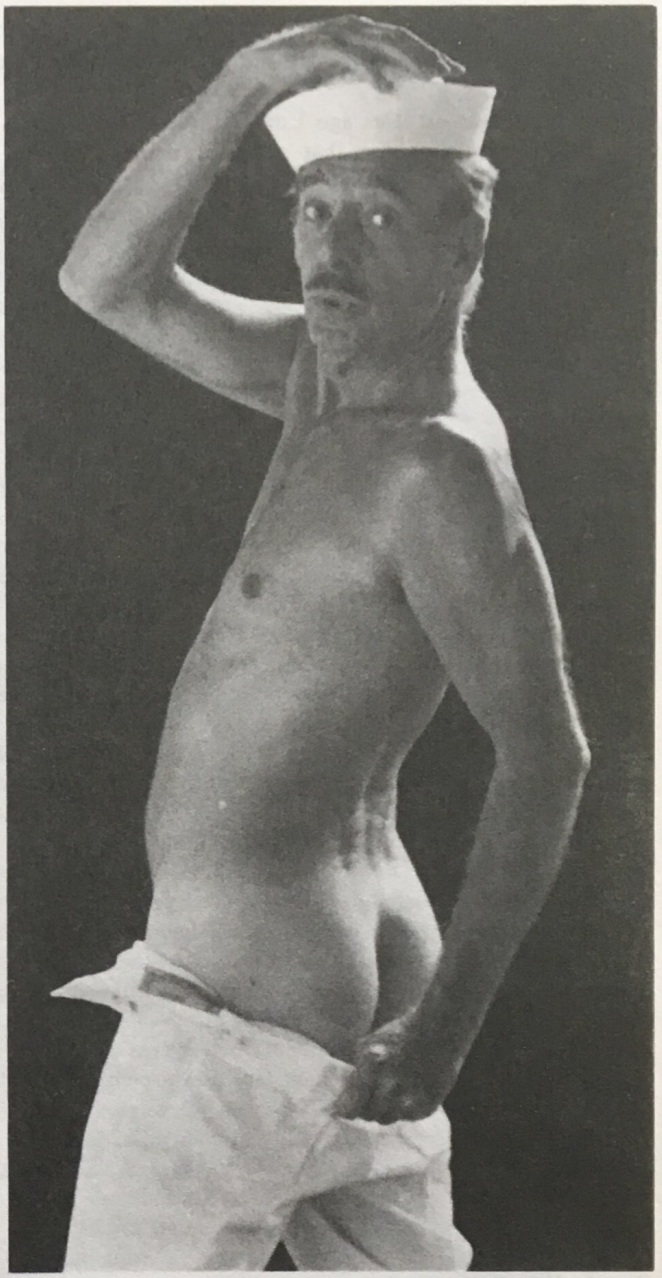
My sole venture into the man's dressing room was in the presence of the director. I do not recall the reason for the visit but I took advantage of the rare opportunity to have myself a look-around. The room was Spartan in its simplicity and lack of clutter, the only homey touch being two framed photographs on his dressing table. One was of a handsome, not at all theatrical-looking woman. The other was of a young man, rather serious-looking, in skimpy swim trunks still wet and molded to his genitals.

The run in L.A. was extended. We did two weeks up in San Francisco. And played here and there between the Coast and Chicago. Played to great success. And I, too, played along the way. Trasker kept his distance. I gave up and amused myself with a good old boy from Dallas. He was not only fun to be with but came up with wild plans to buy the rights to the show, turn it into a musical, re-titled *Billy and the Boys* --starring little me--who was supposed to take a crash course in singing and dancing and show my dick along with an all-male chorus all showing *their* dicks. It just might have worked but I moved on to the show's next stop. It was a small town in Oklahoma but it had a beautiful little theatre owned by a beautiful little man who wanted me to simply quit show business and just settle down on his ranch.

I suppose maybe I could have hit it big, but after we closed in Chicago I called it quits for awhile. Returned to the



GERARD....photo by BIRD OF PARIS



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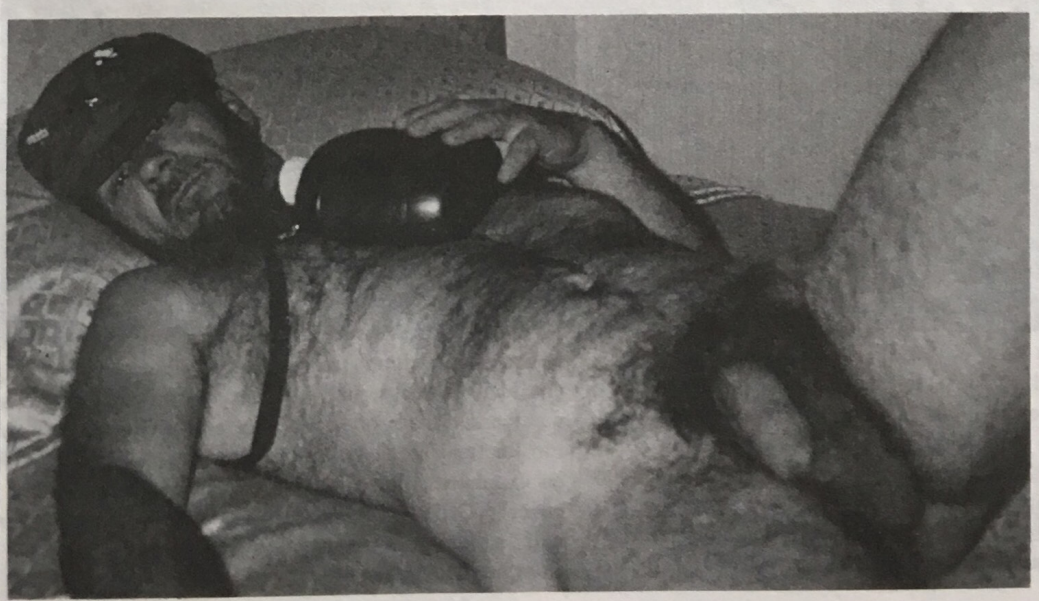


MICHAEL IN CHINA....photo by BUTCH

Coast and did some TV. Bought me a cozy bar on the Coast Highway.

A couple of years ago I drove my car up the ramp and into the parking structure that occupies the site of the old Biltmore Theatre. I figured my car sat in just about the very spot that once housed Trasker's dressing room. I just sat there, looking out to where that marquee had twinkled so brightly. I was glad that, just before they razed the house, Trasker booked it for a revival of one of his old hits. An unexpected Christmas card was forwarded to my bar, along with a comp for opening night and a note suggesting that I come around to his dressing room. I gave myself an extra half hour and arrived well before curtain time.

"Come in, come in, come in!" was his answer to my knock, though he was far from being in a position to receive company. Quick to put on a company face, he was nonetheless ill-prepared for the critical scrutiny of an old admirer. Half in, half out, his boxer shorts could not conceal the still-impressive cock and balls that were his trademark. I have to admit, for a man of his years, he had kept his body in superb shape and under the brush of thick body hair, now snow white, he sported an all over tan. But the face was tired and strained and the eyes were framed by glasses. I had never seen him in glasses.

Closing my eyes, hearing the voice, the old magic returned. By God! I was getting hard. I am not one who takes off his clothes at the drop of a hat (or a fly) but the sight of Trasker's bigness, getting bigger all the time, had me stripped in nothing flat. We fell to the couch and our naked bodies played out a scene that should have played years before. While on the stage, during our stage kiss, he had held back with a certain restraint, now there was none--only the repeated hard thrustings of relentless passion. Heretofore, having explored only my mouth, there was now no part of me that his tongue did not seek out and tantalize. The blue Aegean was at our feet and, letting him mount me, I lay quiet, face down, permitting us both to ride out to sea on wave after wave after wave. No man had ever entered my body and I could not even have imagined that such a violation could produce such pain and at the same time such indescribable peace and contentment and joy. What had been missing all those nights on stage, good as that was, was the sweet "after-time" that we were now sharing here on his couch--in the dressing room that had always silently been off-limits.

Almost at my shoulder, eye-level, was the half forgotten photo of the young swimmer. Trasker followed my glance, repositioning himself so that our bodies nestled spoon fashion, arms entwined. I was bold. I had to ask: "Who is he?" and I could imagine him, now a man of approximately my own age, maybe more, perhaps even sharing an apartment with him.

He answered, stroking my arm, absently observing the hour indicated on my watch, "That was Billy. The other Billy. My son."

Just as I had shed tears that first afternoon's reading of the famous scene, tears now covered Trasker's face. With the remarkable discipline of a true actor, he smiled, and his voice became strong and almost without a trace of emotion, he said, "Billy would have been forty next Tuesday." The warning bell sounded and he rose to dress. "I'm on."

I gave my comp to a surprised young chap waiting near the box office, drove back to my bar and helped my partner handle the heavier-than-usual Labor Day Weekend crowd.

* * * * * * * * *

IN CLOSING

We really appreciate all the letters of concern from you guys who were upset by our last IN CLOSING. The point we were trying to make was that we aren't able to efficiently handle all the functions of this magazine. We aren't going under, though. Granted, at press time the last issue, our subscriber list was shrinking due to so many readers not renewing their subscriptions. Instead of throwing in the towel, however, we dropped everything else and created a data base of all the ex-subscribers we'd given up on, sending them all second reminders. The results were incredible. Of 700 ex-subscribers going back to October 88, 200 have come back to us and much more are expected. Coupling that with our regular renewal rate from subscriptions which have just expired, we expect to start growing rapidly again, powered generally by word-of-mouth.

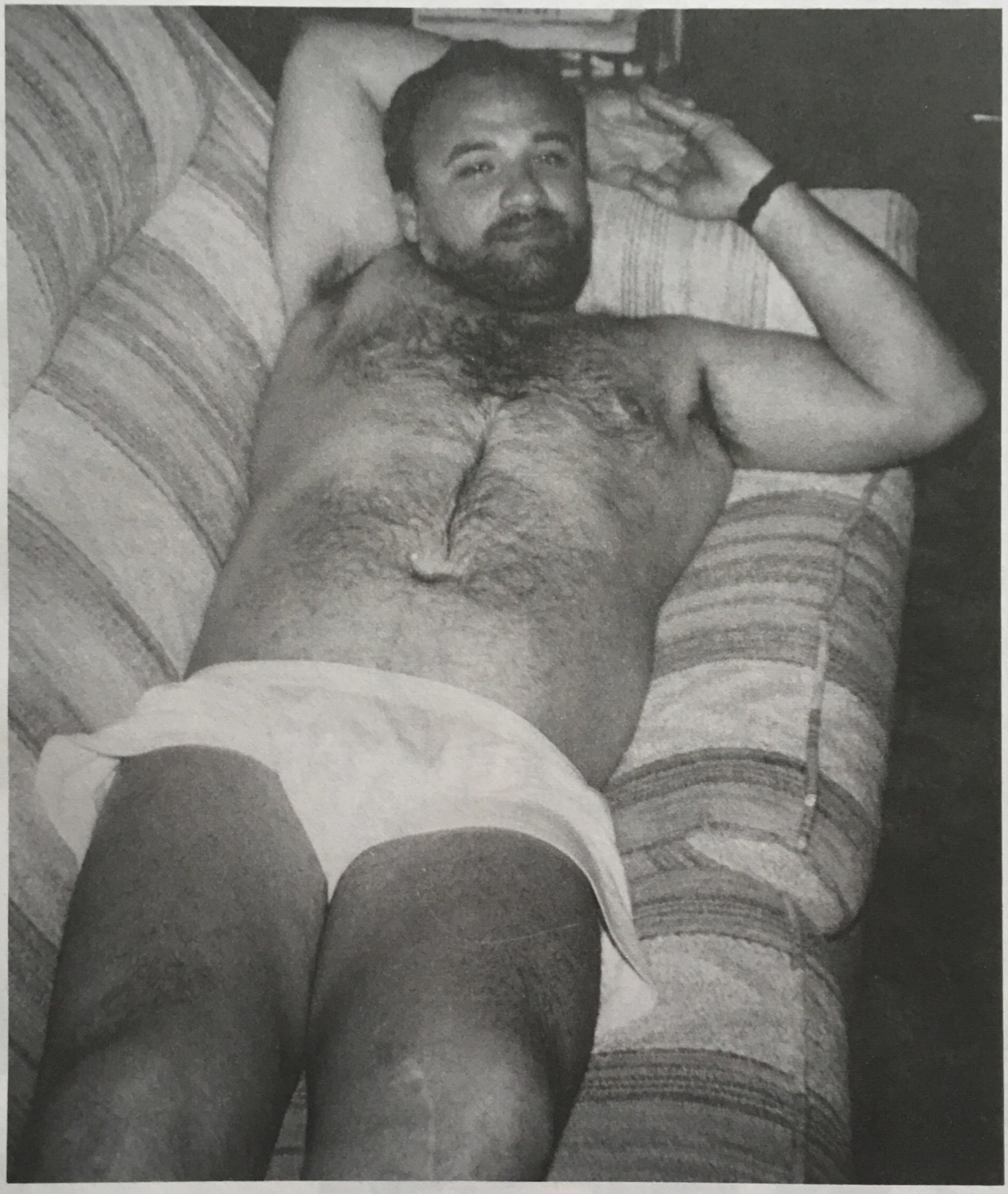
The problem is obviously with communication. Most magazines start sending renewal notices up to six months in advance. We only send out notices upon expiration because it's an expensive process to mail out multiple reminders. Lots of our readers don't see the reminder or put it aside and lose it. Consequently they lose track of the time and forget to renew. We'll try to figure out some way to make our single notices more noticeable.

Another thing that happened at press time was a sudden surge in book store orders. We finally got some great advice from the president of one of the larger book dealers, and we now have a sizeable standing order level with some of the best stores in the country. Overseas book store sales are also looking much more promising. Thanks to publicity in Japan's super Big/Older Men's magazines, SAMSON and HO MAN, we have tripled our Japanese subscribers. Thanks to our European distributor, Acolyte Press Distribution in Amsterdam, we have received quite a few letters of gratitude and back issue orders from all over Europe. Thanks to a feature article about us in France's great publication GAI PIED, our French, Belgian and Swiss subscribers have more than doubled. Can London, Munich and Frankfurt be far behind?

One excellent sign of a change in the wind is the sudden surfacing of imitators. We understand that we now have a competitor in operation and another set to start publishing in 1990. One competitor, indulging in the new negative advertising technique (trash your competitor's product in lieu of selling your own), erroneously announced that C-R/SWAN was targeted for the over 60 set. The other competitor showed how creative he was by naming his magazine after a symbol we've featured from the very beginning. Judging from the mail we've received from C-R readers who were sent his brochure, we think his choice for a title might have backfired. In spite of all this negative stuff, though, we look forward to some good, old fashioned, **honest** competition. Let 'er roll!

We have received quite a few inquiries from potential buyers and partners in response to our call for help. We feel confident that it's just a matter of time before we start landing our market share of advertising and giving the glossy big boys a run for their money at the book stores. A CHIRON RISING with an exquisite color photo of a gorgeous, gray haired man on the cover? CHIRON RISING with a competitive subscription price and a printing frequency comparable to all the other entertainment magazines?

It's not a question of *if*. It's a question of ***when***.



SCHAEFFER....photo by NOEL

RAM
On rainy days, Burt likes to go to the Park to checkout his Rain Gear.

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ALL ISSUES ARE MAILED VIA FIRST CLASS MAIL IN THE U.S. AND VIA AIR MAIL ELSEWHERE. CIRCLE ITEMS ORDERED AND ENCLOSE CHECK OR MONEY ORDER IN U.S. FUNDS, PAYABLE TO CHIRON RISING. MAIL TO CHIRON RISING, P.O. BOX 2589, VICTORVILLE, CA 92393.

I CERTIFY THAT I'M OVER 18 YEARS OF AGE AND ACKNOWLEDGE THAT I AM REQUESTING SEXUAL, GAY ORIENTED MATERIALS. I AM NOT A LAW ENFORCEMENT OFFICIAL, POSTAL INSPECTOR OR MEMBER OF ANY CENSORSHIP GROUP. I WILL NOT EXHIBIT THIS MATERIAL TO A MINOR OR EXPOSE IT TO ANY PERSON WHOSE PRIVACY OR SENSIBILITIES MIGHT BE OFFENDED. SIGNED:_____

NAME:_____

ADDRESS:_____

CITY/STATE/ZIP:_____

PERSONAL AD FORM

PERSONAL ADS ARE NOW AVAILABLE TO THE GENERAL PUBLIC!

Personal ads for subscribers are priced at 20 cents per word, with a minimum order of $ 5.00. Personal ads for non-subscribers are priced at 50 cents per word, with a minimum order of $10.00. Codewords for subscribers are $2 per issue. Codewords for non-subscribers are $5 per issue. Please provide **all** the following information:

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MESSAGE: (Use attachment if more space needed.)_____

_____

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AD CLOSING: (If requesting codeword, state any fictitious one word name here and we will forward all mail to you. If codeword has already been assigned, we will assign you another. If you want replies mailed to you directly, use real name, alias or initials, followed by mailing address. Do not use "Occupant" or "Box Holder" with P.O. boxes or drop boxes)_____

_____

YOUR REAL NAME (not for publication):_____ AD DURATION:_____ Issues

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Total $_____

Note: Items like "GWM," "J/O," "P.O.," "A/P" and numbers count as one word. We will not allow descriptions of body weight, mannerisms, skin color, etc. in a negative context. Specify what you seek, not what you exclude.

I hereby authorize CHIRON RISING to publish the above ad, and I take full responsibility for any resulting relationship or incident. (Sign)_____

Mail to: CHIRON RISING, P.O. Box 2589, Victorville, CA 92393.
NOTE: The deadline for receipt of ads for the December 89 issue is October 15, 1989.

BARNEY.....photo by T.C

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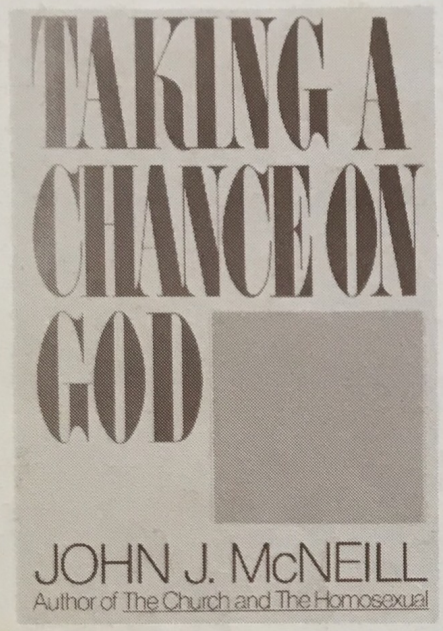

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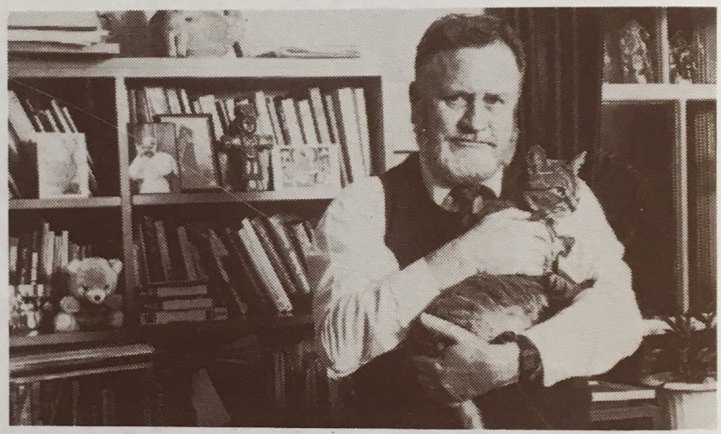

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